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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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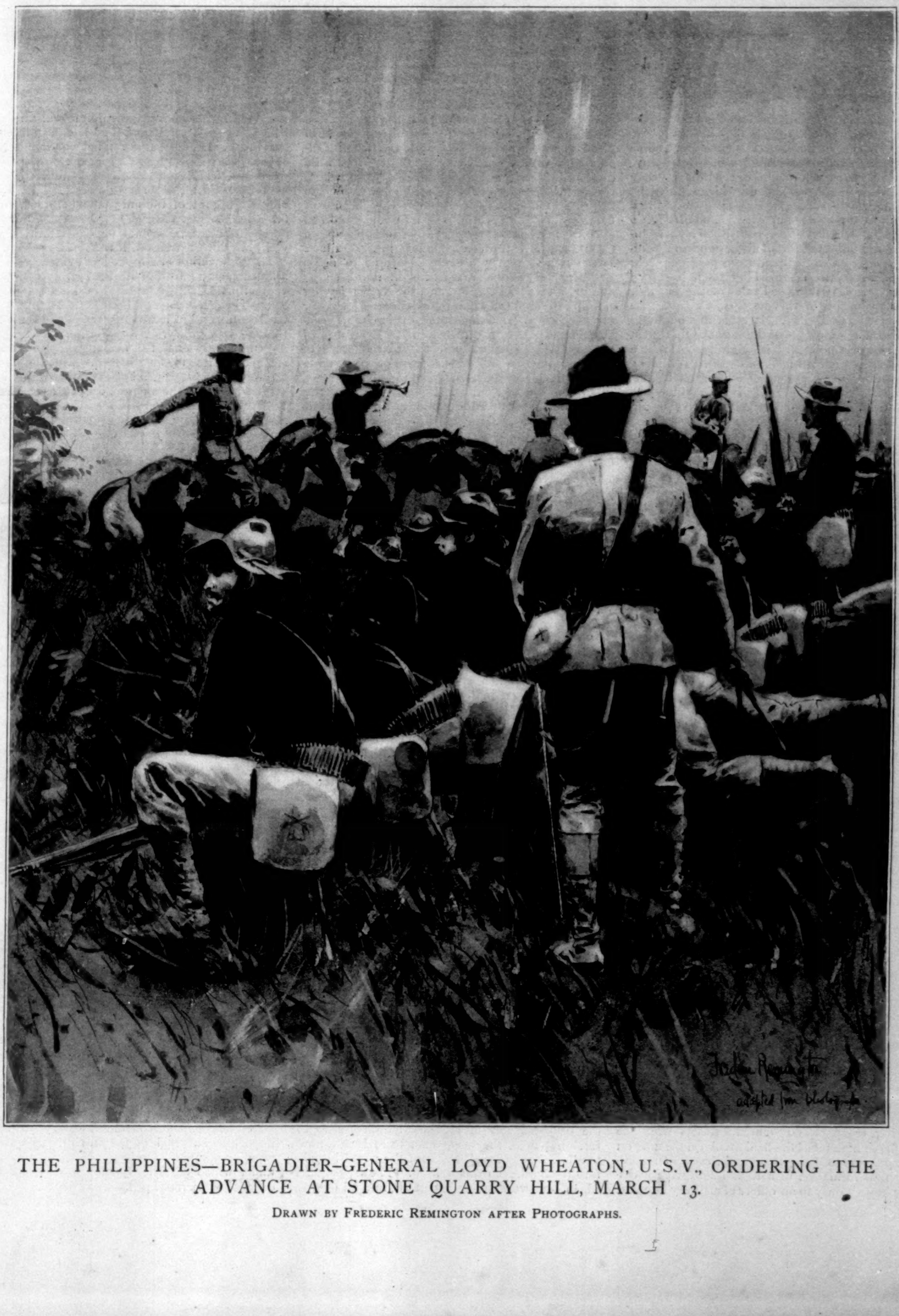

General Wheaton.

Frederic Remington
adapted from photographs

THE PHILIPPINES—BRIGADIER-GENERAL LOYD WHEATON, U. S. V., ORDERING THE ADVANCE AT STONE QUARRY HILL, MARCH 13.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)
NEW YORK CITY, MAY 13, 1899

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France and the Dreyfus Case

NOT many Americans have had the opportunity of reading the depositions of the dossier in the **Dreyfus** case which have been published in *Figaro*. Not many, perhaps, would care to read them if they had the opportunity. Yet, notwithstanding the great length of the documents—they have filled from one to three pages of every issue of *Figaro* since the 1st of April—they constitute a most interesting and important bit of history and an illuminating chapter on contemporaneous politics. That Frenchmen are much moved by them is shown by the enormously increased sales of the journal. Perhaps the result of this newspaper's enterprise will be good for France. It certainly ought to convince the good people of the republic that great evils and corruption exist in high places, that a horrible wrong has been committed in their name, and that the French system of administering justice is not only not calculated to promote the welfare of the country, but is likely to give opportunity for tyranny and crime.

Although the publication of these depositions is still going on as we write, enough has been revealed to demonstrate that certain army officers of high rank, and certain politicians who have been at different times at the head of the government, have done an irreparable wrong to Captain **Dreyfus** and to France; that they convicted the former without evidence of his guilt; that they afterwards again prostituted both the military and the civil justice of their country in order to cover up the evil they had already done; and that some of them, at least, have not stopped short of forgery and perjury in their efforts to justify themselves and to render definite and enduring the terrible sentence passed upon a man now believed by all reasonable and well-informed men to be innocent of the crime charged against him. How terrible the wrong to **Dreyfus** is cannot be realized until one reflects that even if he shall be declared innocent and freed from his imprisonment on Devil's Island, his career is over. Guilty or innocent, he has caused such an upheaval in the French army, his case has so thoroughly discredited the general staff, heretofore supposed to be the flower of the military establishment, that his military life is ended. Guilty or innocent, he was unpopular before the "affair" was dreamed of, and that unpopularity must be trebly greater, now that by reason of him the infamy of the staff and the politicians has been exposed. He can never again be the comrade of the men who have been proved to have debased themselves, disgraced their uniforms, and brought harm to the whole republican structure, in order that the despised Jew might be the scapegoat of the treacherous venders of national secrets who were known to exist among the officers of the French army.

To sum up briefly the evidence thus far published, it has been shown by those who still believe in the guilt of **Dreyfus** that he might have known all the alleged secrets, and might have had access to all the documents mentioned in the bordereau. Generals **Mercier**, **Roget**, and **Gonse**, the late Minister of War **Cavaignac**, and others, all supporters of the general staff, swear that, in their opinion, the information concerning the hydro-pneumatic breech of a certain piece of field artillery, the information concerning the proposed disposition of covering troops, the promised extracts from the new firing-manual of the field artillery, the note on the expedition to Madagascar, and the note on a proposed new formation of field artillery, were necessarily known only to an officer of artillery attached to the 2d or 3d bureau of the general staff, and that **Dreyfus** satisfied these conditions. There is positively nothing else in the celebrated case bearing the semblance of testimony of any importance. These officers and politicians have convicted and sentenced **Dreyfus** because they think that the information proposed to be sold to a foreign power might have come to **Dreyfus** because of his position in the artillery and on the staff. They say nothing now about the handwriting of the bordereau, which is probably Major **Esterhazy**'s, but in order to make its contents agree with their theory as to **Dreyfus**, they have changed its probable date. When **Dreyfus** was convicted, the date of the memorandum was supposed to be April, 1894; now it is argued that it could not have been earlier than August of the same year. Here, however, is involved another indication of the fairness of these French persecutors. The bordereau contains the statement that its author is about to depart for the manœuvres. The manœuvres are interpreted to be the grand manœuvres of the autumn; and although **Dreyfus** did not actually attend them, his section of the staff not being ordered to them, the inimical witnesses declare that he probably thought he was going, and therefore this assertion corroborates the theory that he wrote the bordereau. Is not all this astonishing to persons used to the methods of Anglo-Saxon justice, and to the solicitude with which the rights of an accused individual are guarded in England and America? Moreover, Lieutenant-Colonel **Du Paty de Clam**, who was charged with the duty of securing a conviction, and upon whose report the arrest was first made, is now known to have resorted to base methods for the purpose of fulfilling his mission, and only a few days ago was charged by one of the witnesses—a certain Captain **Cuignet**, who continues to believe in the guilt of **Dreyfus** apparently because he wants to agree with General **Roget**—with having himself been the author of the **Henry** forgery, the latter having simply delivered the writing to General **Billot** for the purpose of "making some one march." **Du Paty de Clam** also enlisted in the enterprise of protecting **Esterhazy**, and the manufacture of false documents seemed to come to him naturally. It is on such guesses, and on the word of such a person as **de Clam**, that the **Dreyfus** conviction rests. The public is in possession of all the material evidence. There is no secret dossier. M. **Dupuy** himself has testified that he never saw one; M. **Hanotaux** never saw one. Moreover, the latter was opposed from the first to the arrest and trial of **Dreyfus** on such evidence as General **Mercier**, then Secretary of War, presented to him and to President **Faure**. The officer of the information bureau, who carried to the court the dossier which the *Figaro* is publishing piece by piece, does not know of a secret dossier, or of any evidence not before the court. He has thus testified. This scandal is, then, primarily due to **de Clam**'s machinations and to the guesses of some general and other officers.

Not only does no evidence of the guilt of **Dreyfus** exist, but there is abundant evidence before the court that he is innocent of the treason charged against him. We have said evidence, because the depositions are taken as testimony by the Court of Cassation. As a matter of fact, the dossier consists mainly of a mass of opinions. About the only real evidence, looked at from our point of view, is that of the English journalist, **Rowland Strong**, who testified that **Esterhazy** had confessed to him that he wrote the bordereau himself at the command of Colonel **Sandherr**; that the document was concocted in order to secure the conviction of **Dreyfus**, of whose guilt the staff was certain, but of which there existed no material proofs. It was deemed necessary, then, to invent the bordereau, the authorship of which might be fastened on **Dreyfus**, who was unpopular for various reasons. In the first place, he was a Jew; in the second place, he was a prig to the point of being offensive; in the third place, he made a display of money. It ought to be added that the attempt to show that he was in pecuniary difficulties, and therefore corruptible, has completely broken down, as has the effort to show that he was a man of loose and immoral life. To return, however, to the evidence, or opinions, set forth in the dossier. The theories of the prosecution are completely upset by the evidence of Lieutenant-Colonel **Picquart**, who is still undergoing punishment for his attempt to defeat the infamous conspiracy of the general staff, and by the testimony of Major **Hartmann**. These two witnesses insist that the bordereau must have been prepared by some one not an officer of artillery or a member of the general staff. Many of the proposed bits of information offered to the foreign power, they say, must have been known to all military men throughout the world long before the bordereau was written. The secrets offered, in fact, were not secrets at all, and all of them were of little importance. An artillery officer, say these witnesses, could not have been so ignorant of the hydropneumatic breech, or the firing-manual, or the proposed artillery formations as to have offered as important the information set forth in this bordereau. They show abundantly that the information was open to any officer of the army, artillery or otherwise, upon application for it, and that in 1894 an artillery officer had something better to sell than projects and inventions which had already been examined by foreign military attachés attending the manœuvres since 1890, and which had been discussed in both German and French military journals. As to the proposed new formation of field artillery, it was simply a French adaptation of a formation which had already been adopted by the German artillery.

Much was made by some of the anti-**Dreyfus** experts of the fact that Germany had been using a shell like that known in France as the "obus Robin," the construction of which had probably been learned by **Dreyfus** at the factory at Bruges. But Major **Hartmann**, an artillery expert, testified that the German shell was different from the French invention. These two witnesses demonstrated, then, that the bordereau could not have emanated from an intelligent and instructed artillery officer like **Dreyfus**, unless he was bent on deceiving the foreign emissary with whom he was dealing, and if he had been attempting deceptions of that kind he would not have offered what his supposed accomplice knew to be worthless. The result of these depositions is that we must believe the bordereau was prepared by an officer ignorant of the subjects which he offered for sale. It was clearly not **Dreyfus**, nor any officer of his attainments or opportunities, who was guilty of the treason, if treason there was.

The publication of *Figaro* has evidently greatly allayed popular feeling in France. At first the very effort to secure revision was an act of treason. Then it was admitted that **Dreyfus** was tried unfairly, but it was insisted at the same time that he was guilty. Now revision and acquittal are confidently expected, although **Dreyfus** himself continues to be disliked. There is hardly any pity felt for him; but perhaps wrath will be excited against the men who have succeeded by their crimes and their follies in making France ridiculous and pitiable. Any individual in France, however, as has been pointed out before in these columns, is in danger of becoming the victim of a similar tyranny as that which bore off **Dreyfus** to the Ile du Diable. The army in France is a strong institution. It is the physical force of the country, and, until this episode came to blacken its reputation, it has been regarded as the intellectual and moral force of the country as well. It is an essential and, in one respect, the most important part of the executive arm of the government. Now when the French government is called upon to defend itself against the attack of an individual, that individual does not stand upon an equal footing with it before the courts, even in a purely judicial proceeding, which this examination of the **Dreyfus** case is not. The administrative courts deem it to be their duty to find for the government if possible, and they therefore presume that the government is right and that the individual is wrong. It happens, therefore, that the government often finds little difficulty, not only in oppressing an individual, but in securing judicial support for a despotic use of its power. So strong is the feeling in behalf of the government, and so strong an influence is exercised by the army, that in this case the judges, usually alert, and even apparently vindictive in their pursuit of an accused, have only cross-examined the witnesses in a most perfunctory and half-hearted manner. Their animus is manifest also from another fact. With what American or English judges would regard as a base surrender of their rights and a cowardly yielding to insolence, they have permitted the officers who have appeared against **Dreyfus** to refuse to answer questions put to them by the court, on the ground that in asking them the court was exceeding its powers and travelling beyond its jurisdiction. If witnesses, no matter how highly placed, should do this in our courts, they would soon be reflecting in a prison cell on the vicissitudes of life and the dangers of self-confidence. The result of it all is to warrant us in repeating that the liberty of the citizen is not wholly safeguarded in France, and that the case of **Dreyfus**, innocent, and yet suffering a punishment worse than death, is not only the consequence of the readiness of officers of the French army to sustain their prejudices and preconceptions by crime, but of the judicial system which has come down from despotic days, the most important survival of the institutions which the republic is supposed to have overthrown—a system under which official injustice is defended at the expense of personal rights and liberty.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THE Roosevelt of the war in the Philippines is evidently Colonel Funston of Kansas. In the galaxy of fighters, which includes some of the ablest and most active officers of the regular army, along with gallant and distinguished volunteer officers from Utah, Tennessee, Minnesota, and elsewhere, the intense luminosity of Colonel Funston's career fixes the public attention. Spurs are not much in use in the Philippines, where speed is still obtained from such animals as are available by the homely expedient of twisting the tail, but there is no doubt that if spurs had been the prize of valor Colonel Funston would long ago have won barrels of them. As it is, the President has appointed him a Brigadier-General, on the recommendation of General Otis and General MacArthur. His promotion is the immediate consequence of General MacArthur's commendation of his skill and gallantry in crossing the Rio Grande, and of gallant service since the beginning of the war. "I urge the appointment," cabled General Otis. "Funston is an able leader of men, and has earned recognition." Brigadier-General H. G. Otis, who has got back to California, speaks of Colonel Funston as the greatest dare-devil in the army, who would rather fight than eat, and his estimate is borne out by many despatches published during the last two months, in which the name of the Colonel of the Twentieth Kansas has figured.

Funston is young (thirty-three) and compact, small of stature, and light of weight. The last heard of him before his promotion was his exploit in crossing the Rio Grande under fire with his regiment. He has led an adventurous life, has travelled much, and done many remarkable things besides fighting. Before he hitched his wagon to the star which he has since pulled in, he was assistant editor of a Kansas newspaper. His spirit burned with too obstreperous an ardor for his continuance in that calling, and feeling the twitches of destiny, he went to Cuba and joined the insurgents. But the insurgent war methods did not altogether suit him, and, after two years' of active experience of them, he got back in time to see the war with Spain blaze out, and to get from Governor Leedy (Populist) of Kansas a better fighting job in the colonelcy of the Twentieth Kansas regiment. His commission took him to Manila, and by the time the trouble began there his command was ready for use.

He has had the advantage of our Colonel Roosevelt in that his war has held out better than the one at Santiago. Topeka advices declare that there is nothing in the gift of Kansas that he cannot have. If he cares to be Governor when he has leisure, he has only to speak.

ALL of the members of the family of the late R. L. Stevenson who lived with him at Samoa have been raising their voices in lamentations over the Samoan war. They all love the Samoans, and having personal acquaintance with most of the actors in the dispute, and familiar knowledge of the bases of the disturbance, they naturally have pronounced opinions as to rights and wrongs. Their interest is neither with the Americans, the British, nor the Germans, but with the Samoans. It is clear enough even to the distant and cursory observer that the islanders are suffering because their imported protectors cannot agree. Lloyd Osborne, in London, has been proclaiming through the newspapers that the quarrel at the bottom of it is an affair of rival missionaries. He disparages Chief-Justice Chambers as a narrow-minded person who is not suited to his job, and who has allowed his religious preferences to influence his politics. Mrs. Stevenson, writing from Funchal, Madeira, deplores the bombardment of the Samoan villages by the American and British ships, and mourns unaffectedly over the misery that the fighting must have brought upon the islanders. Stevenson, as will be remembered, favored Mataafa as the king whom the Samoans wanted and ought to have. Mrs. Stevenson and her children still side with Mataafa, though it has come about that the German influence is with him too; and for the Stevensons and the Germans to be on the same side of any Samoan question is novel indeed.

Nothing that can be written or printed just now about Samoa seems likely to do any good, for the commissioners have sailed, and they will doubtless come to some agreement which will result in pacifying the islanders. To most of us the whole affair is a tempest in a teapot. Mrs. Stevenson, her son and daughter, are almost the only people on this side of the globe who have intense personal feelings about it and can express them.

THE decision of the government that the views of Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, anent the policy of the administration in the Philippines, were unsuited for exportation to Manila, resulted, on May 3, in the removal from the mails in San Francisco of six of Mr. Atkinson's pamphlets. They were addressed respectively to Admiral Dewey, General Otis, General Miller, Dr. Schurman, and Professor Worcester. The pamphlets include statistical documents by Mr. Atkinson, entitled "The Hell of War" and "Criminal Aggression," and copies of speeches delivered by Senator Hoar, ex-Governor Boutwell, and ex-Senator Edmunds.

It has been asserted that Mr. Atkinson has been sending these pamphlets to our soldiers in the Philippines to disgust them with their job. That would certainly have been outrageous, for to meddle with the obedience of soldiers in war-time is clearly treasonable. But Mr. Atkinson denies that he has sent pamphlets to any one in the Philippines except the members of the commission, the correspondent of Harper's Weekly, and two or three others. Other persons may have sent his pamphlets to soldiers, but at this writing it has not been reported that any others than those above specified have been held up on their way to the East.

It may be that these pamphlets will be excluded from the domestic mails also. If that is done there will be vigorous remonstrance. The anti-expansion sentiment will have its say in the United States, however military necessities may curb it elsewhere.

ANOTHER interesting thing that happened last week was the endorsement of Secretary Alger by General Merritt. Years ago General Merritt held an unfavorable opinion of General Alger's conduct as a soldier, and for many years it was believed that there was hostility between them. That must all have passed, for when the Secretary went to Michigan last week to see his neighbors, General Merritt and General Joseph Wheeler went with him, and at the dinner of the Michigan Society, on May 2, in Detroit, General Merritt expressed his belief that Secretary Alger's work in the war with Spain had been very unjustly disparaged, and that "no Secretary in time of peril to the nation has made fewer errors, or has had the confidence of a greater number of people."

While this endorsement cannot but be gratifying to General Alger and his friends, it is not equally pleasing to the friends of General Merritt, who feel about it a good deal as the admirers of William Tell might have felt if he had recognized that on the whole it would be more sensible for him to doff his hat to Gessler's cap. The sorest charge against General Alger is that beyond all precedent he has carried politics into the army. The converse follows, of course, that the army is carried into politics, and every officer is constrained to remember that the War Department will not forget its friends.

There are signs of the incubation of a sentiment in Michigan that General Alger is a suitable statesman to represent that State in the Senate. He and General Wheeler were the guests of the Michigan Legislature on May 3 at Lansing. Both spoke with pride of the military achievements of the past year, and firmly but hopefully of future prospects.

WHATEVER any Northern reader may feel about the burning of the negro Sam Hose and the lynching of the negro preacher Strickland, in Georgia, one thing he should always bear in mind, that there is no vital difference between the white man in the South and the white man in the North, and that what white men do in Georgia white men from New York, or Massachusetts, or Minnesota would probably do in Georgia under similar circumstances. A county in Georgia went stark crazy over Sam Hose. Northern readers cannot understand it. A letter has come to the Weekly from a Georgia woman which tells a story of Sam Hose's crime as Georgia understands it. It is hardly a letter that the Weekly may print, but it may all be believed, and it helps to an understanding of what has happened. No man who believed what this woman believes and has written about Hose and Strickland and negroes of their class in the South would be surprised at anything that might follow such a crime as Hose committed. It may be that nothing can justify such an orgy as was held over Hose, but there is plenty that can explain it. The men and women of the South believe that certain unruly negroes can only be restrained from horrible crimes against white women by swift and terrible punishment. We of the North have little experience of these crimes, but our blood circulates, and we know what sort of dispositions such crimes arouse. To read the story of Sam Hose's crime as our Georgia correspondent has written it begets absolute indifference to that negro's sufferings or fate. It fills the mind with horror, and makes one feel that any means that is effectual to prevent such crimes is justified. One forgets the monstrousness of the Sam Hose lynching, and only wonders whether it was expedient.

THERE has been a divorce and a remarriage in New York which has attracted a vast deal of public attention, albeit the divorce was obtained with a degree of privacy that some thoughtful persons considered contrary to the interest of public morality; and the marriage that followed it was superlatively unobtrusive. The people whom it concerned are very conspicuous in New York society. The main facts are perfectly familiar. A woman of high social position left her husband and children; the husband got a divorce under the laws of New York; the divorced wife immediately went out of the State and married the corespondent in the husband's suit. Because all the persons concerned in this matter were rich and influential, it has been felt that the transfer was too easily accomplished, and that, though a wrong had been done, the wrongdoers seemed likely to go unwhipped of justice and profit by their fault. The basis of this opinion seems inadequate. What all the inner facts of such a case are the public cannot know and need not know; but it is easy to recognize that such a divorce is a tragedy, and that all who are concerned by it—the guilty, the less guilty, the innocent—are sure to suffer. We need not denounce; we need not vindicate our own morality by exhortation or censure. We can sigh and go our ways, assured that these unfortunate people have trouble enough, and that the breaking up of a family and the destruction of a home is a calamity, and inevitably involves suffering which luxury cannot prevent, and which time itself does not cure.

IT was certainly the unexpected that happened when G. P. Putnam's Sons were sued by Rudyard Kipling for infringement of copyright. Mr. G. P. Putnam worked as hard as any one to bring on international copyright, and the presumption is that his intentions towards the foreign author are always good. What Mr. Putnam's house did was to buy sheets from the various houses which have published books by Mr. Kipling, bind them uniformly in a cover of special design and bearing Mr. Kipling's autograph, supplement them with some biographical matter, and sell them in its book-store and in the neighboring book-store of the Messrs. Dutton as a "Brushwood Edition" of Kipling. Of course all the copyrighted books in these sets pay Mr. Kipling royalties, and it is stated that where Mr. Putnam, in buying sheets, had the choice between "pirated" sheets and those which paid the author, he chose the latter.

Mr. Kipling's objections, so far as understood, are that the "edition" gives an impression of having been issued with the author's connivance, which was not the case; that it includes divers deliverances which he does not wish to preserve; that it includes matter (the biography) which he didn't write, and one or two copyrighted poems which no one had a right to reprint, and that its existence is more or less prejudicial to the prosperity of an existing complete edition of his works which is authorized, revised, expurgated, blessed, and highly commended by the author.

It is always more or less of a pity when one good man sues another, nevertheless this suit is interesting. Not only are the parties to it well known and highly respectable, but the points at issue are much mooted. For a bookseller to bind sets of books and sell them is common practice, and no fault is found with it. The Messrs. Putnam went a little further. It is a question whether they exceeded what was lawful, and another whether they exceeded what was merchant-wise and courteous.

ON May 4 the World's Fair committee in St. Louis had found purchasers for $4,770,000 worth of the stock of the fair, and probably by this time the whole fund of five millions has been provided for. The Legislature of Missouri has passed the law for the creation of a corporation to manage the fair, and the plan is to form the corporation as soon as the five millions of stock has been taken. Besides the capital provided by the stockholders, the promoters of the fair count on borrowing five or six millions more from the city of St. Louis and the State of Missouri, and hope to get $5,000,000 from Congress. With $15,000,000 to spend and four years to work in a good deal can be done. The year of the fair, as will be remembered, is 1903, and the event to be commemorated is the Louisiana cession. The plan is, no doubt, for the show to open in May or thereabouts and close late in the fall. If that is done, and the fair runs all summer, it will be useful in correcting an impression—more or less prevalent—that it is so hot in St. Louis in summer that animation is suspended and the town is left in charge of a small body of trained salamanders. It will be worth something to have this fable thoroughly disproved.

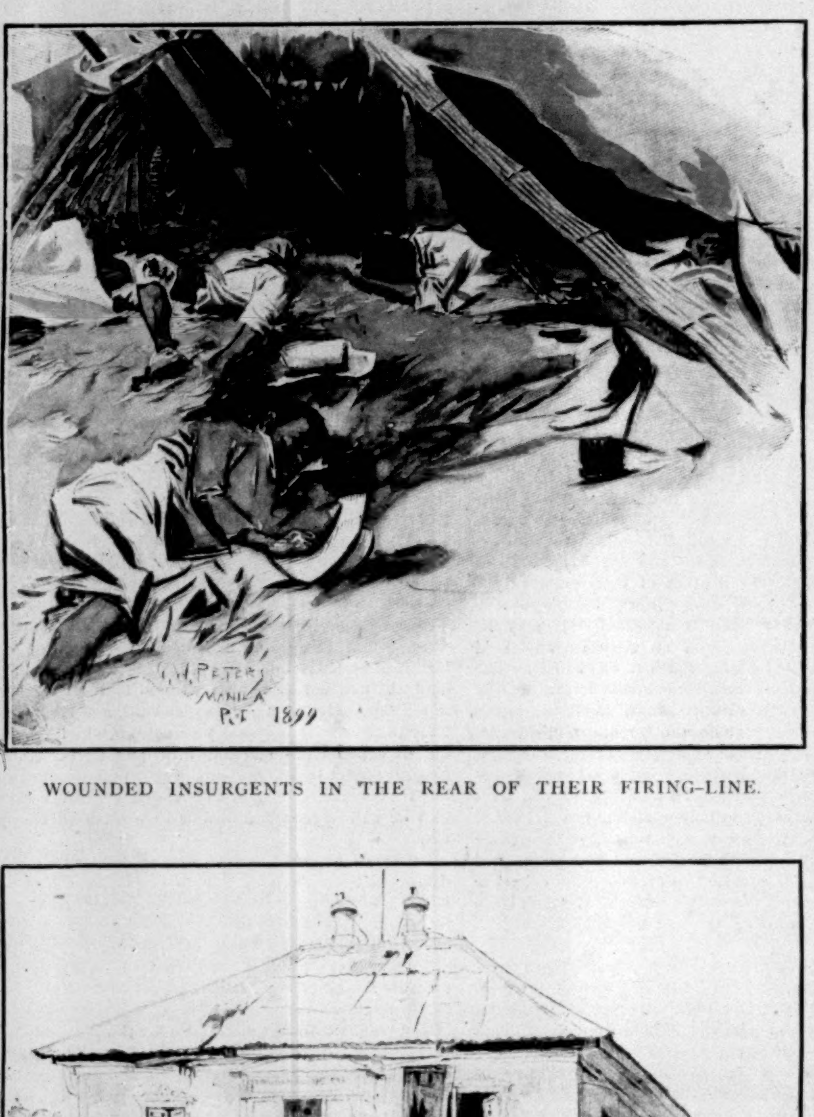
IT is reported from Chicago—and, if true, it is rather an important piece of news—that the condition of the health of ex-Governor Altgeld is such as to make it very doubtful whether he can ever again take an active part in politics. He takes his politics hard, and labored faithfully in the recent Mayoralty campaign, which resulted in his defeat and the election of young Carter Harrison. Now, it seems, he has nervous prostration, the result partly of overwork, partly of despondency because he fears that he will never again be able to work hard enough to win.

Governor Altgeld has been much feared as a man who combined excellent ability with dispositions and beliefs which were very prejudicial to the public welfare. His retirement from public life will not excite unmixed regret even in the State of Illinois, notwithstanding the natural sympathy that all decent people must have with a fellow-creature whose health has collapsed.

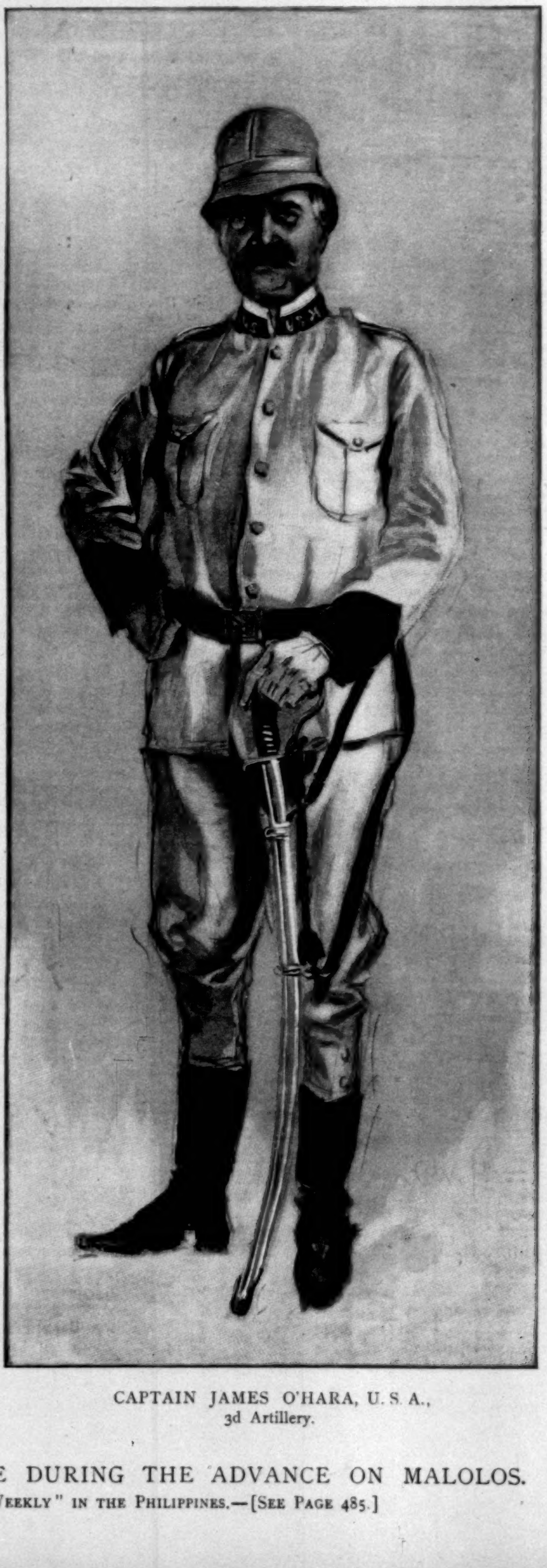
THE twenty million dollars paid for the Philippines, part of which Mr. Hay is represented, in this number of the Weekly, as handing to M. Cambon, would weigh thirty tons in gold coin, and it was obviously more convenient for the courteous French ambassador to receive it in paper. The transaction is a paper affair throughout, and no actual coin crosses the ocean. The Spanish government had turned the money over to the Bank of Spain in part payment of a war debt. The Bank of Spain arranged with the Deutsche Bank of Berlin and the National City Bank of New York for the collection and transfer of the money. On the four warrants which M. Cambon receives the gold is drawn from the Sub-Treasury, and goes into the vaults of the City Bank and any other banks which may have had drafts on Europe to exchange for it, while the Deutsche Bank, on receipt of these drafts, pays over the money to the Bank of Spain.

LOWELL (Massachusetts) has voted no-license, and on May 1 all the liquor-stores went out of business. The nearest place where drinks may lawfully be bought at retail is Lawrence, ten miles away. Cambridge likes no-license and sticks to it, but Cambridge is hard by Boston. The test at Lowell will be more severe, and for that reason more interesting.

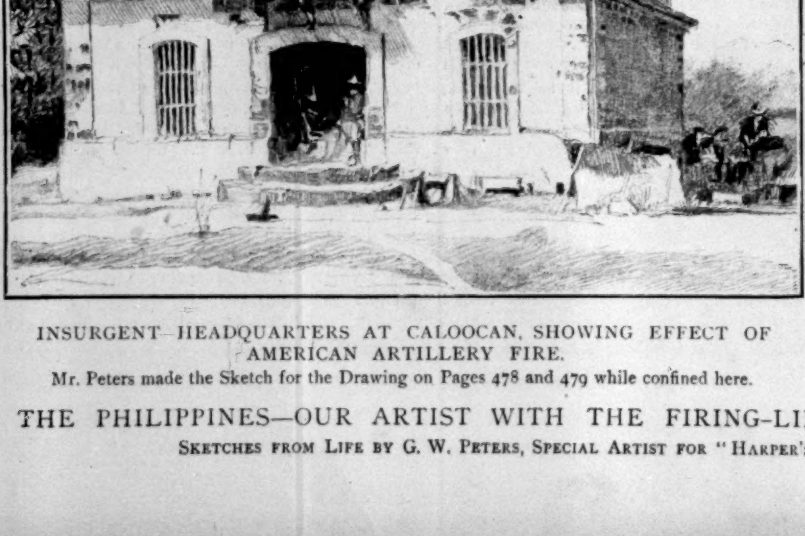
OUR NAVAL AND LAND FORCES EXCHANGING SIGNALS AT NIGHT.



WOUNDED INSURGENTS IN THE REAR OF THEIR FIRING-LINE.



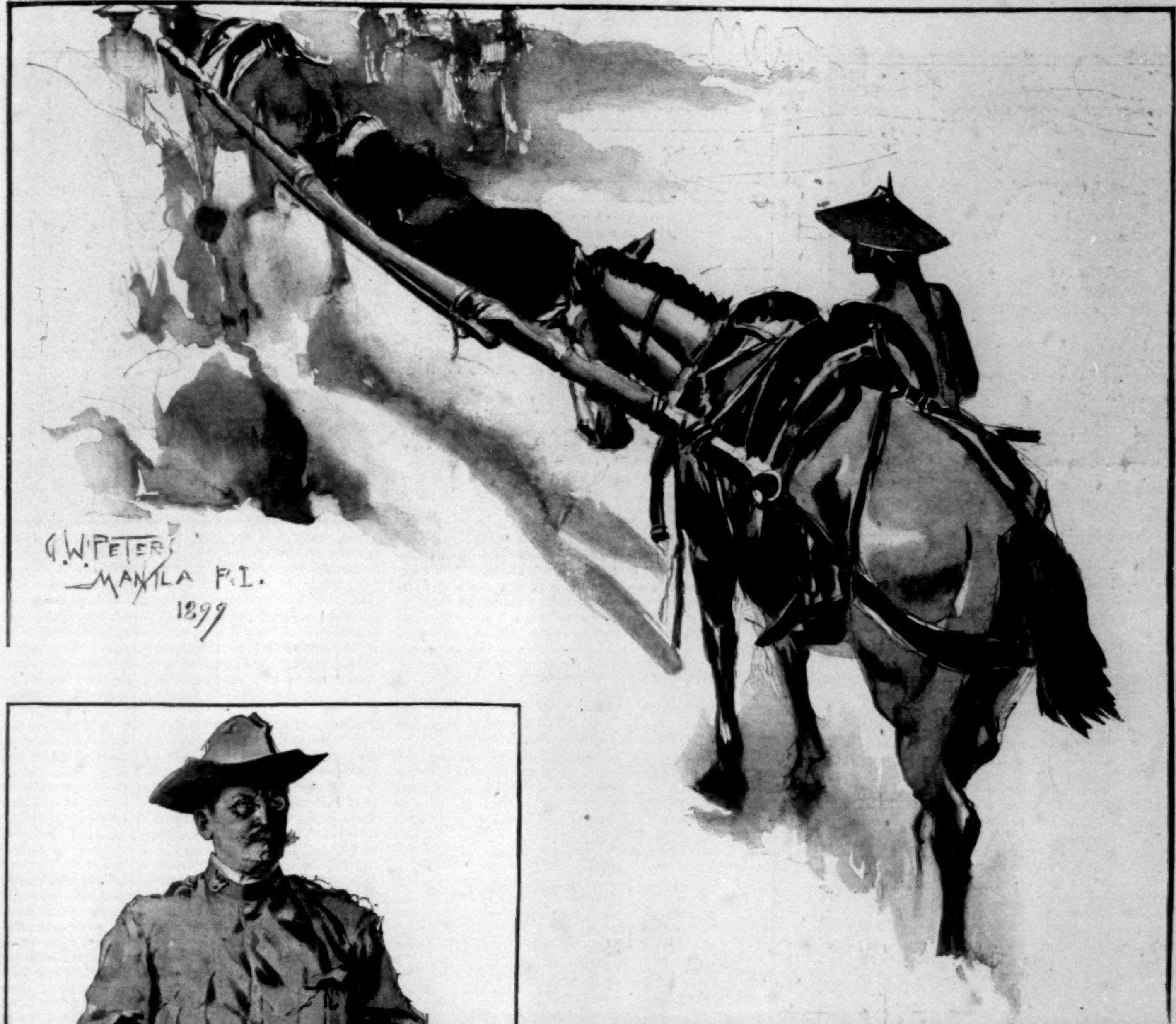
CAPTAIN JAMES O'HARA, U. S. A.,
3d Artillery.



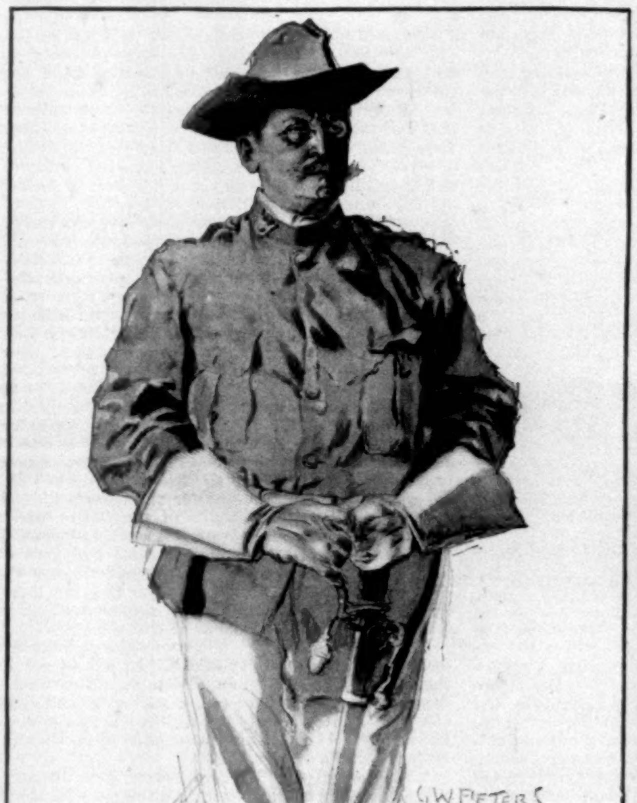
INSURGENT HEADQUARTERS AT CALOOCAN, SHOWING EFFECT OF AMERICAN ARTILLERY FIRE.
Mr. Peters made the Sketch for the Drawing on Pages 478 and 479 while confined here.

THE PHILIPPINES—OUR ARTIST WITH THE FIRING-LINE DURING THE ADVANCE ON MALOLOS.

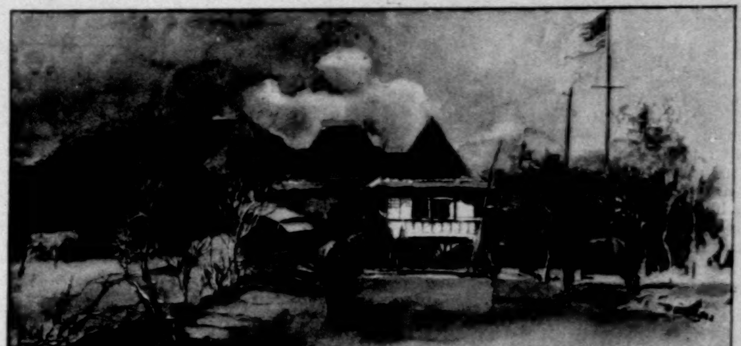
Sketches from Life by G. W. Peters, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" in the Philippines.—[See Page 485.]


G. W. PETERS
MANILA P.I.
1899

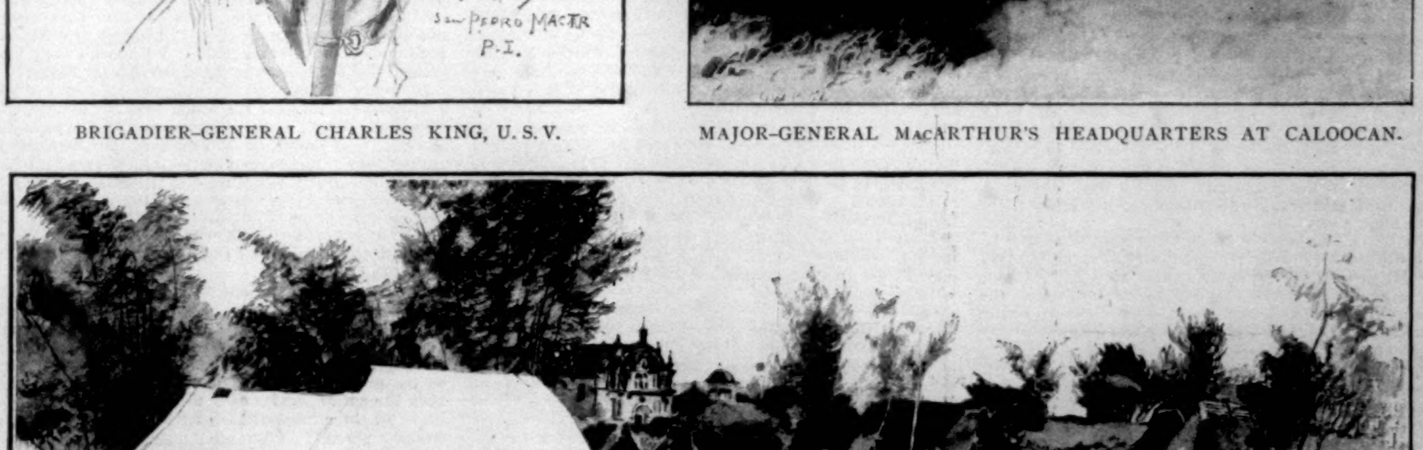
POLO—REMOVING OUR WOUNDED FROM THE FIRING-LINE.


G. W. PETERS
San Pedro Macati
P.I.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES KING, U. S. V.



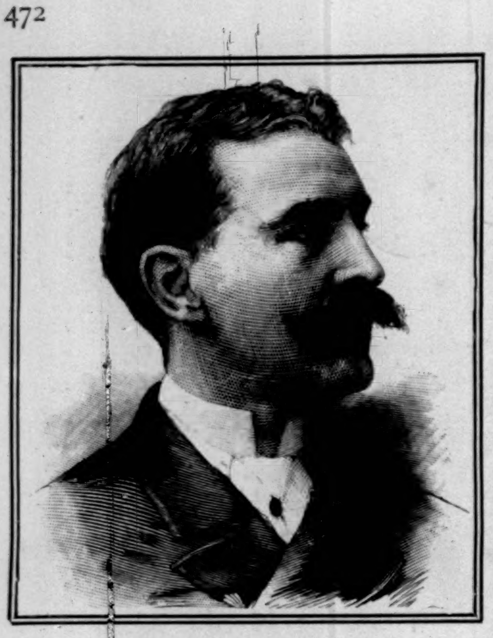
MAJOR-GENERAL MacARTHUR'S HEADQUARTERS AT CALOOCAN.



VIEW OF SAN PEDRO MACATI FROM GENERAL KING'S HEADQUARTERS.

THE PHILIPPINES—OUR ARTIST WITH THE FIRING-LINE DURING THE ADVANCE ON MALOLOS.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY G. W. PETERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.—[SEE PAGE 485.]



HON. HERBERT W. BOWEN,
Newly Appointed United States Minister to Persia.

A Monopoly to our Rescue

BY JULIAN RALPH

WE were in Bombay, and we needed advice. It occurred to us that the American consul would be the best man to go to for it. Bombay is a large and very important city—of that I can assure our government, if it does not realize the fact. As the Governor of the Presidency said, "When no man from Glasgow is by, we call it the second city in the British Empire."

It naturally occurred to us, under these circumstances, that we would readily find our country's consul, and that he would be a man of distinction in the city.

At the office of our hotel (Watson's Esplanade) we asked for the address of our consul. Nobody knew it. He used to live at the hotel, they said; or perhaps it was another one, who came before this present one—they were not sure. Does he not have an office? Oh yes, he must have an office, but nobody knew where.

We went into the street and hailed a "garry"—pigeon-Indian for carriage—and asked the garry-walla, or driver, if he knew the way to the American consulate? He said he did; but he lied in his throat, as per the custom of his kind, who think it polite always to say "yes" to whatever you say to them. He drove us up the Queen's Road and along the bay shore, past the pyres where the bodies of the plague-stricken Hindoos were blackening the sky with their smoke. We felt that he was wrong, and said so. He called to a passing white man, who said, "He is taking you to the French consul." We said we wished to be taken to the American consulate. "I am not sure that country keeps a consul here," said the white man.

Back to town went we, and presently stopped at a grand bungalow with a double-headed eagle on the gates, and flunkies in livery hovering about the veranda. It was the house of the Austrian consul. We alighted, and asked a flunky where was the American consulate. He replied in the native tongue to our driver, and again we set off. We were now carried to the heart of the business district of the city—among the offices of insurance companies, exporting firms, wholesale stores, and the like. The driver stopped the carriage and looked at us. We saw no American consulate, no United States flag—nothing suggestive of that for which we searched. My friend noticed the sign of the ubiquitous New York Life Insurance Company, and climbed the stairs of a building to ask for information. I stood below and waylaid the baboos, or Indian clerks, who speak English. Whenever I asked one where the American consulate was, he invariably looked perplexed, and stopped the next baboo to ask him.

"He used to be in the office of the Standard Oil Company," said one man; but he was not sure, and he did not know where the Standard Oil office was. A dozen who followed said frankly that they did not know there was any such consulate.

Inwardly I boiled with indignation at the shame of having to search so hard for my country's representative, where I had seen the Austrian consul so nobly housed, and where only the day before I had seen the French, the German—yes, even some South-American consuls—riding on the Queen's Road with great pomp and display. Presently down came my companion.

"Our consul is in the Standard Oil Company's office," said he. "What do you think of that? Coming over from New York I met a man who was our consul at La Rochelle, in France, and he was also in the pay of the Standard Oil Company."

"And at Baku, on the Black Sea, where I was last year," said I, "our consul was a Standard Oil man, sent there to keep an eye on the Russian oil-wells, whose owners are the greatest competitors of our gigantic oil company. Out there nobody made any bones about the consul's connection with the Standard Company. The other consuls in Tiflis told me about him, praising him very highly for his ability, but saying that his interest in the consulate was left-handed; that, in sober fact, he was simply a petroleum expert."

"Curious," said my companion.

"It would be interesting to know how many consuls the Standard Oil Company is supplying," said I; and ordering the garry-walla to make for the oil company's office, away we went. On the main business thoroughfare, above the Bombay Club and on the opposite side, was a large building fronted by an arched covered way and filled with offices. On one of the posts supporting the arches were two signs, thus:

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.

CONSULATE OF
THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA.

We mounted the stairs, and entering the office of the greatest of our corporations, presented our cards. We were asked into an inner office, and were smilingly received by a Mr. Mayer, a Bostonian, of under the middle age, who was our consul, and also the acting head of the oil company's branch, in the place of Mr. Comfort the manager, then absent.

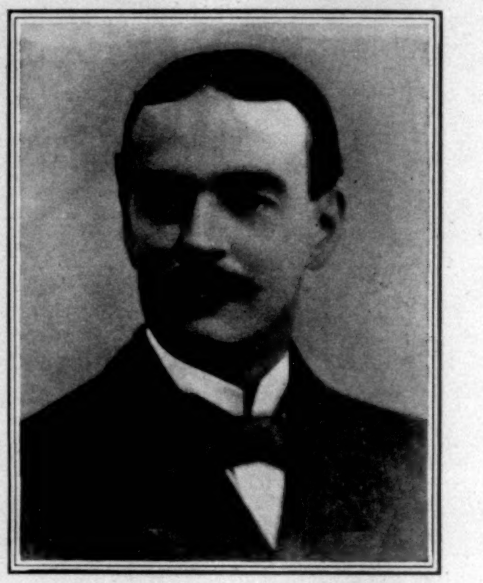
Of his own motion, Mr. Mayer told us how he came to be consul. It seemed that the office of consul to Bombay used to pay four hundred dollars a year. What sort of diplomats were obtainable for that sum the reader may imagine. If he has had my experience, and has encountered or heard of the negroes, half-breeds, Greeks, Armenians, broken-down politicians, drunken journalists, petty shopkeepers, and the rest of the motley crowd that is sent to represent us abroad, his imagination will give him a very clear idea of what four hundred dollars a year got for us in Bombay. But, to go on, the place was shabbily filled, and we were put to constant shame. Not long ago such representations were made to our State Department that the salary was raised to two thousand dollars. The first incumbent at that figure was a young medical student who had come to study the plague, and who found it very difficult to do even that on the newly increased wage. Mr. Mayer was the next consul; but presently a Western man was appointed. When he found that he must pay for his passage to and from Bombay, no less than seven hundred dollars, out of his pocket or salary, he hesitated. He is hesitating still, and the consulate and Standard Oil Company's office remain undivorced.

It will be seen that in this history of the Bombay consulate there is no suggestion of anything but credit to the oil company. It has not sought the place, and it has filled it more creditably than our government ever succeeded in doing. Furthermore, I learned that the salary Mr. Mayer receives from our government he pays over for the rent of his dwelling alone; and I further discovered that the great Continental powers of Europe—which are not so great or so rich as we—pay their consuls six thousands of dollars a year, giving them a chance to return in some degree of style the hospitalities and honors pressed upon them by the British Governor, Lord Sandhurst, at his palace by Malabar Hill. In the four classes—official, military, consular, and commercial—which maintain their own high social circles in a place like Bombay, the consular set has a distinguished standing. The consuls are invited to all the principal affairs and functions; they attend these in their court costumes, are driven to and fro in their official carriages, and are attended by liveried servants wearing distinctive sashes, with the royal arms of their monarchs graven on gilt plates upon them. Now and then they, in turn, give entertainments, which the Governor and his suite are proud to attend. It does not matter whether they have a good time or a dull time. They and their feelings do not count. They lose their personalities in representing their countries.

Wherever there is a British court the desire is to show the most favor to the American representative. My fellow-countrymen will be disappointed to learn that, since all his salary goes for rent, Mr. Mayer cannot vie with the German or French, or even the Portuguese, consul in displaying the outward signs of the power and importance of his country. Yet, by plundering his own pocket, and out of the generous salary paid by the Standard Oil Company, he is able to do something now and then, in a modest way, to return the favors shown to him. He is not able to bear himself like a consul of even a third-rate power, but he does comport himself like a gentleman. I wonder at how many foreign points the Standard Oil Company is thus saving our "face." I came away from Bombay with no inclination to cavil at the fact of Mr. Mayer's being a Standard Oil man. After the reader has seen what I have of our country's consuls he will agree with me that if the United States cannot afford to hold its head up among the powers of the earth, if it cannot pay the keep of men of brains and refinement, if it is mean enough to accept favors which it does not intend to return, if it is too penny-wise to equip its consuls to play their parts in the formalities by which nations are judged and rated by one another—then we are indeed fortunate to possess in the Standard Oil Company a private corporation which is willing to do at least a fraction of these things for us.

Aboard the ship on which I went to India was an Englishman who is our consul at Madras. Madras is the third city in the greatest empire of the East, and one of the world's great seaports. The consul's fees amount to about two thousand dollars—one thousand of which he keeps for himself. Mr. Scott, the gentleman who represents us there, was one of the most courteous and well-appearing men in the large and distinguished company among which he and I found ourselves. But he is an Englishman. The rulers with whom it must be his occasional duty to deal in delicate matters, and with whom he must dispute and make demands, are of his own blood and are his superiors. Therefore he cannot be our consul except in name. It is not in nature for an Englishman to do justice to us Americans when our point of view and that of the English do not coincide. In other words, when we most sorely need a spokesman and an agent in Madras, he cannot give us the service we should have.

We are worse off there than we were in Turkey when the war broke out with Greece. Then (and now, I believe) our consul in Salonica, the second seaport of the country, was a Greek. I doubt if the average reader can realize how monstrous that was! The Turks were righteously locking up some of his countrymen and expelling others. Among them all none was a more intense lover of his country than our consul, and the Turks knew it, but they could not deal with him as the rules of war demanded, because he was our consul. I believe he had sworn with us a citizenship, as so many hundreds of others in Turkey have done, though they do so for every other reason than love of us or intent ever to live within our borders. Fancy to what extent he could have served us had we needed his help—or, for that matter, if we needed it now!



HON. LAWRENCE TOWNSEND,
Newly Appointed United States Minister to Belgium.

In one of the largest cities of Russia I wanted the advice of my consul. I drove far from the heart of the city, and mounted three or four flights of stairs, to read these words: "Consulate of the United States of America. Office open from 5.30 P.M. to 7 P.M. daily." As that was the period when every one except the American consul took dinner, I was not able to see him.

"Why does he give his government the paring of one finger-nail like that?" I inquired.

"He cannot come until he closes his shop," was the reply. "He keeps a small hardware shop, you know."

Fancy the standing of a man who keeps a small shop in that proud capital, in that land of caste and show and pomp! Fancy what ideas of our great republic the people of that city must have! Worse yet, try to conceive what the consuls of all the other great and little powers there assembled must think of the United States for keeping such a representative in such style as that! But you cannot conceive it, for they cannot know what to think.

When I was in China we had for Consul-General at Shanghai a Mr. Jernigan, the ablest, proudest, most thorough American I have ever met in our consular service. Any other country would have retained him in the service, promoting him to be Consul-General in Calcutta or Bangkok or Yokohama, then Minister to China or Japan. Thus he would master the peculiarities of the peoples and the governments of the Orient and their commercial needs, and his great knowledge would be at our command. But he went out with President Cleveland. At the same time that he was in China we were so disgraced by one of our consuls there that the European residents came to me to protest against the outrage he committed upon the fair name of America.

I could say nothing. What was charged against the consul was true of many others. In my travels I hear the same stories every now and then. Here we have a drunkard; there we have sent a loafer; in the next place (two that I have recently heard of) we keep a man who is married to a black or a brown woman, who is outcast to both the blacks and the whites.

"What of all this?" I fancy I hear some Senator ask. "If any foreign countries aren't impressed with our power and importance, we can mighty soon show them what we are." Or it might be said, as it has been said in formal session of the Senate already: "What do any Americans want consular assistance for? Why can't they stay at home? Isn't this country good enough for them?"

In reply I respectfully suggest that our trade is branching out all over the globe, and our merchants and ship-captains will more and more need fit American agents abroad. Our navy, too, is swelling; our territories are multiplying. The other day the *Raleigh* came up the Red Sea, and a few days since we met the *Machias* going East. Every day, wherever we stopped, the papers made conspicuous the news of our doings in Cuba and the Philippines. It is too late to ask why we don't stay home, when our army and navy and our manufactures have gone so far abroad.

Perhaps it is not too late to advocate the foundation of a proper consular service. I know that for years some of the ablest of my countrymen have urged this in speech and writing. But has any one, before this, taken note of the assistance which the Standard Oil Company is giving to the good cause? Has it ever been suggested that we turn the entire service over to that giant corporation? I know of three Standard Oil agents now representing our country abroad? They are picked men—proud, accomplished, shrewd, reflecting great credit upon their country. Why not have all our consuls up to their standard? It would be to our advantage if we could.

As I Walked

AN unseen spirit in the trees
Swings high a censer sweet with musk,
And sets the tulips quick ablaze;
A blossom dances down the breeze,
And wakes a bird-note in the dusk
That silvers all the lilac haze.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Diary of the Revolt

Thursday, April 27.—After taking Calumpit, General MacArthur's division crossed the Rio Grande in the face of great obstacles, driving the concentrated forces of the enemy back on the railway two miles. General MacArthur reported to General Otis that the passage of the river was a remarkable military achievement, the success of which was due to the daring, skill, and determination of Colonel Funston, "under the discriminating control of General Wheaton," and that our casualties were slight.

Details of the fighting follow:

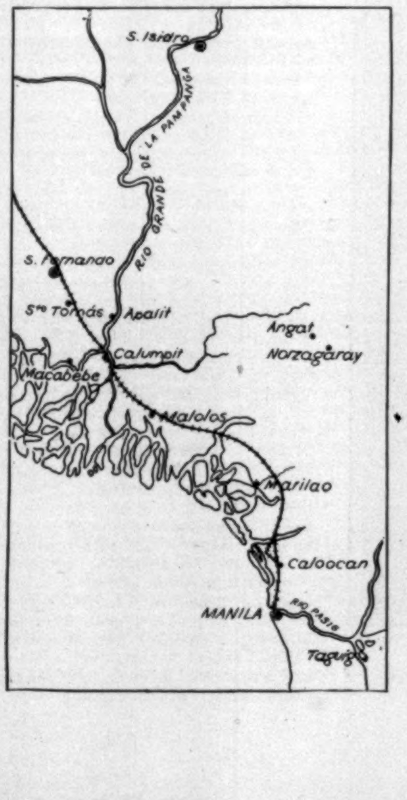
Shortly after daybreak General Wheaton's brigade, which had advanced through Calumpit to the south bank of the Rio Grande de la Pampanga, found opposed to it on the north bank of that river a strong Filipino force, well intrenched, and provided with old muzzle-loading cannon. Neither artillery nor rifle fire proved sufficient to dislodge the enemy. The bridge at this point had been so badly damaged that it was almost useless, and as the Filipinos had constructed a series of trenches extending for three miles along the river, their position appeared to be impregnable. So matters stood at ten o'clock, when Colonel Funston of the Twentieth Kansas called for volunteers to swim across the river, and from the number of those who responded chose two to aid him. These men, accordingly, did swim across, carrying one end of a long rope with them; and though they were targets for so many rifles, they landed unhurt on the opposite bank, and there fastened the rope to a tree. Meantime our troops kept up a hot fire to prevent the hostiles from leaving their trenches to capture the adventurers or cut the rope, and as soon as a raft could be constructed several companies of Kansans crossed to the north bank, the rope keeping their improvised craft from being swept down with the current. When a sufficient number had been taken over in this fashion, the next step, and a comparatively easy one, was to gain a position from which the Kansans could enfilade the trenches. Thus a seemingly impregnable position suddenly became untenable; the Filipinos were forced to retreat, and while some of them attempted to make a stand in a second line of trenches, others formed again on the plain beyond. But, now that the bridge was no longer swept by the enemy's fire, the remainder of the Kansans and the First Montana volunteers succeeded in crossing, though with difficulty. A force of two thousand Filipinos advancing from Macabebe (west of Calumpit) at this juncture engaged the Americans for half an hour, and when driven back by General Wheaton's artillery and the volunteers' rifle-fire retired in good order. The American advance was then continued toward Apalit, north of Calumpit. Three lines of trenches were taken on the way, and when Apalit was reached two abandoned trains were found. "These trains," a press despatch stated, "were probably destined for San Fernando, which has been the rebel capital since the fall of Malolos." But in its ability to keep ahead of the march of events the Filipino capital had outstripped even the daily press: the Filipino President was at that time on the way to San Isidro, twenty-eight miles north of Calumpit, on the Rio Grande.

A heavy thunder-storm in the afternoon prevented further operations. During the day fifty Americans were overcome by the heat, and Colonel Funston dropped, utterly exhausted, after the battle. The Kansans cheered him excitedly when he went among them.

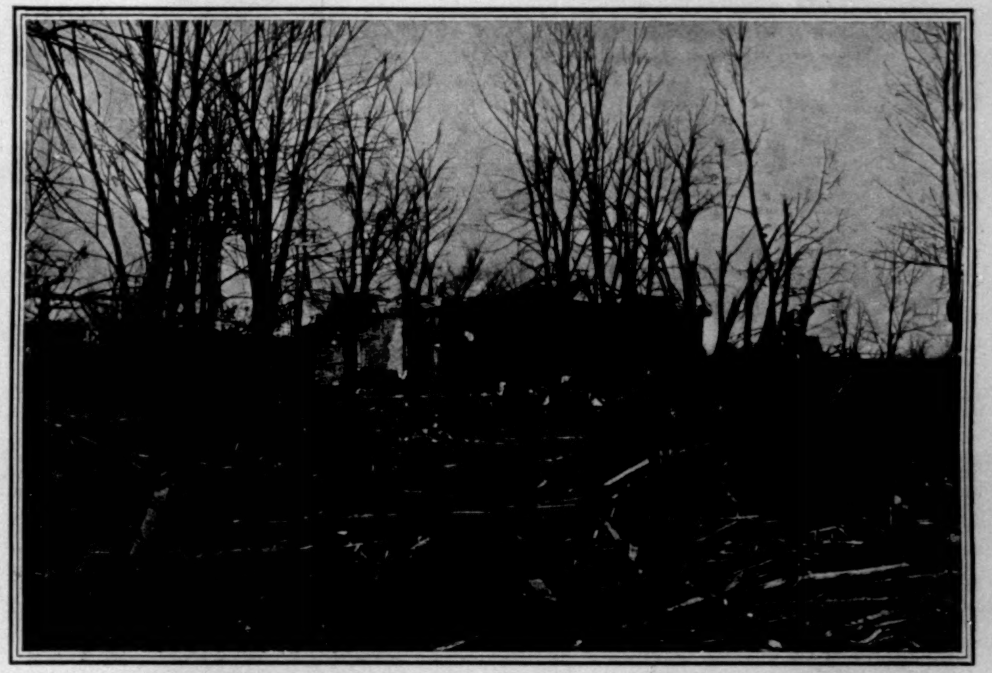
While this battle was taking place, far away to the southward a force of 1500 Filipinos attacked our troops at Taguig, which lies southeast of Manila. The Washington regiment suffered a loss of two men killed and twelve wounded in driving the natives back.

Friday, April 28.—In an official despatch General Otis said: "This morning the chief of staff from [General Antonio Luna] the commanding general of the insurgent force entered our lines to express admiration of the wonderful feat of the American army in forcing the passage of the river, which was thought impossible. Staff-officer reports that the insurgent commanding general has received from the insurgent government directions to suspend hostilities pending negotiations for the termination of the war. Staff-officer with party is now *en route* to Manila, and will arrive soon."

General Luna's emissaries were Colonel Manuel Arguelles and Lieutenant José Bernal, who approached Apalit under a flag of truce. They were conducted to General Wheaton, who forwarded them under escort to General MacArthur. At division headquarters they were well received, and, in addition to the communications which are mentioned in General Otis's despatch, they offered an excuse for their defeat, saying that when the two regiments of their own men came up from Macabebe they mistook these re-enforcements for a flank movement on the part of the Americans. The Filipinos were escorted by Major Mallory, of General MacArthur's staff, to Manila, where they arrived at 3 P.M. They drove directly to the Palace, where an interview was held with the commanding general and the president of the Philippines Commission. General Otis provided the envoys with a house and a guard of honor, and permitted them to visit friends in Manila.



IN THE TORNADO'S PATH—THE HOUSE ON THE LEFT WAS CARRIED FOUR BLOCKS WITHOUT INJURY TO THE OCCUPANTS.



ON THE EDGE OF THE STORM—THE REMAINS OF A $15,000 RESIDENCE.

EFFECT OF THE DISASTROUS TORNADO WHICH STRUCK KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, APRIL 27, WITH GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

Saturday, April 29.—At a second conference with the envoys Admiral Dewey was present. The nature of their proposal and the answer returned are briefly expressed in General Otis's despatch: "Conference with insurgent representatives terminated this morning. Their request, cessation of hostilities for three weeks to enable them to call their Congress to decide whether to continue the war or propose terms of peace. Proposition declined, and full amnesty promised on surrender. Believe that insurgents are tired of war, but seek to secure terms of peace through what they denominate their representative Congress."

On the conclusion of this conference a discussion was held at the office of the Philippines Commission, which was also inconclusive. The envoys returned through the lines in the afternoon to General Luna's headquarters at Santo Tomás, on the railway, six miles beyond Calumpit.

Sunday, April 30.—Admiral Dewey cabled that some of the *Yorktown* boat-crew, including Gillmore, were prisoners at insurgent headquarters. The reference was to the men who were captured at Baler on April 12.

Monday, May 1.—Hostilities had not ceased. General Lawton, now moving westward from Norzagaray to cooperate with the forces north of Calumpit, lost one killed and five wounded in a morning engagement. Midway between Norzagaray and Apalit he captured the town of Balinag, scattering and pursuing 1600 Filipino troops. His loss there was two wounded; the Filipino loss, several killed and a large number wounded and captured.

General Otis cabled that Captain Charles M. Rockefeller, of the Ninth Infantry, had been missing since the 28th ultimo; that he had visited outposts near Caloocan on the evening of the day mentioned, and had not been seen since; that it was believed he had lost his course and been captured. Captain Rockefeller served through the civil war, reaching the rank of First Lieutenant of Volunteers. He became Second Lieutenant in the Ninth Infantry in 1867, First Lieutenant in 1878, and Captain in 1889. He received a medal of honor from Congress for gallantry in action in 1865. In the campaign in Puerto Rico last summer he served on General F. D. Grant's staff.

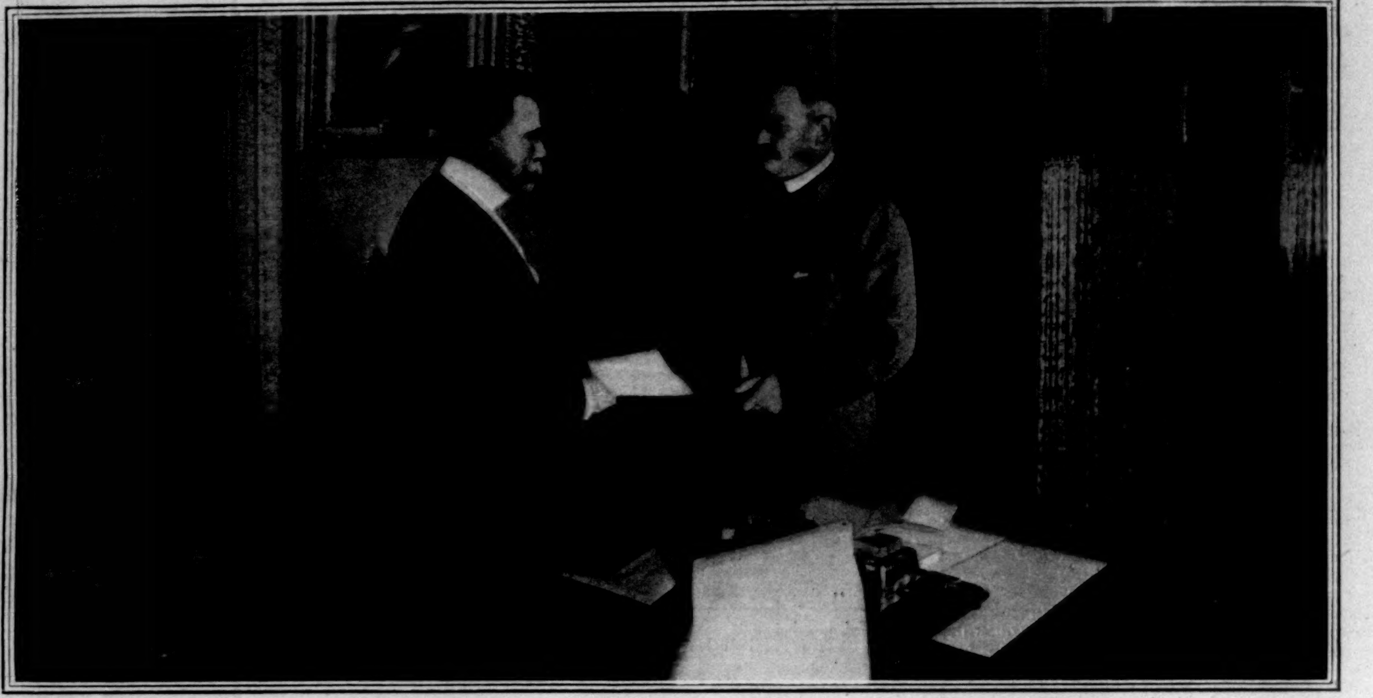
Major Bell with a squad of scouts entered the town of Macabebe. The people, who are foes of the Tagalogs, rang bells and shouted "vivas" on the arrival of the Americans.

General MacArthur sent officers to General Luna, under a flag of truce, carrying money and provisions for the American prisoners, and proposing an exchange.

Tuesday, May 2.—Arguelles returned from General Luna's headquarters with new propositions for a cessation of hostilities.—General Lawton was engaged in hard fighting. General Hale's brigade started from Calumpit at daybreak to proceed eastward and open communication with Lawton.—It was reported that the Filipino army was massing at Santo Tomás, and that strong intrenchments were being constructed there.—A despatch from London: Representatives of the Filipino Junta said that Aguinaldo, in a telegram dated April 30, had disavowed the present negotiations. It was asserted that the peace overtures came only from the Luna faction.—Colonel Frederick Funston became a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, by President McKinley's appointment.

General Otis cabled that the American prisoners in the hands of the Filipinos were Lieutenant Gillmore and seven enlisted men of the navy, and six enlisted men of the army, held by General Luna; two men captured by the hostiles on the lines south of Manila; and Captain Rockefeller still unaccounted for.

Marrion Wilcox.



WASHINGTON—HON. JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE, HANDING TO M. JULES CAMBON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, THE $20,000,000 DUE TO SPAIN UNDER THE TREATY OF PEACE, IN FOUR WARRANTS FOR $5,000,000 EACH, AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT, MAY 1, 1899.

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY WILBERT MELVILLE.—[SEE "THIS BUSY WORLD."]

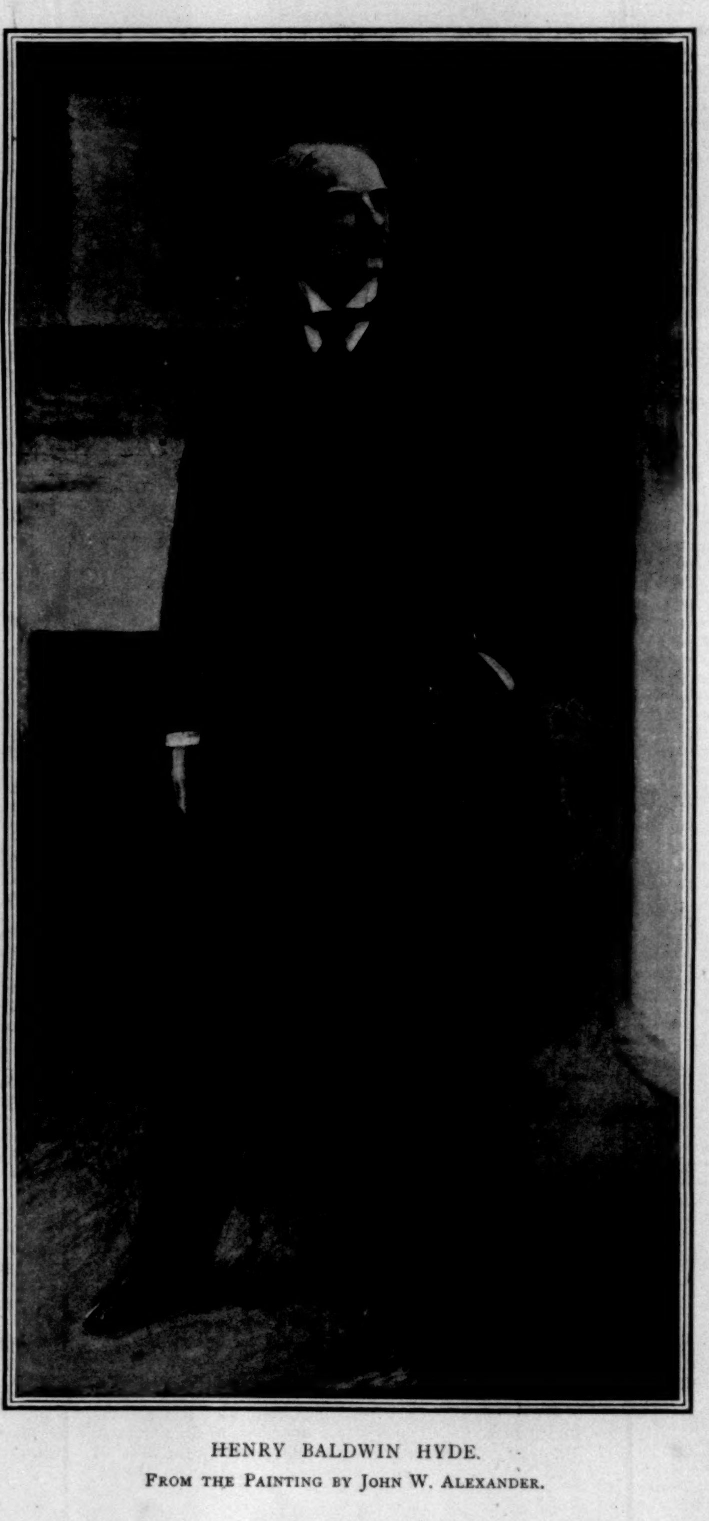
Henry B. Hyde

"THE most eminent insurance man in this or any other country," as he has been characterized, died of heart-disease at his residence in New York on May 2.

Henry Baldwin Hyde was born in Catskill, on February 15, 1834. When sixteen years of age he came to New York city, and for two years was employed by Messrs. Merritt, Ely, & Co. In 1852 he obtained a clerkship in the office of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and subsequently became cashier of that organization. Through this connection and the instruction of his father, Mr. Henry H. Hyde, of Boston, who was in his day an authority on life-insurance, the subject of this sketch was enabled to post himself thoroughly on all details of the business. In 1859 he reached the conclusion that there was room for a new company, organized along new lines. Accordingly we find that he surrendered his responsible position at the Mutual, and that the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States was incorporated in the same year. Mr. Hyde rented, at the rate of $900 a year, a rear room on the second floor of the building at 98 Broadway, and placed a sign on the front of the building. He decided, when the society was organized, that he would accept the position of vice-president, and the Hon. William C. Alexander, of New Jersey, was selected for the presidency. The first meeting of the incorporators was held at 19 Nassau Street, as the room at 98 Broadway was too small. In the beginning the office force consisted of the president, vice-president, actuary, secretary, physician, and one office-boy. There was no clerical force. The actuary kept the books and attended to the general correspondence, while Mr. Hyde was charged with the management of the business and the appointment of agents.

The story of Mr. Hyde's life from this time forward becomes the history of the enterprise to which he devoted his most uncommon talents, with indispensable support from his power of physical endurance and his consistency of principle. It is authoritatively stated that chiefly through the personal efforts of Mr. Hyde the first applications for assurance, which launched the business, were secured among his own friends and those of the other incorporators; that every department received his constant scrutiny; that no obligation was incurred and no bill paid without his approval; that, during the early years of the society, he would sometimes make extended business trips, working all day, day after day, travelling at night, and inspiring all employés with the ambition to rival him in energy. It was his habit to base his convictions, in all matters of importance, upon laborious and deliberate investigation of facts and circumstances; but as soon as his mind was made up, the plan which corresponded to his views was advocated fearlessly and carried out aggressively. Then everything—even the slightest detail—became important, from its bearing upon the great matter in hand.

On August 23, 1874, the first president of the society died, and ten days later Mr. Hyde was chosen to fill that office, with Mr. James W. Alexander as first vice-president. His personal devotion to even the most tiresome and apparently least attractive portions of the routine of the central office and the many agencies was not relaxed. It must be said, however, that the almost unprecedented success of the organization, which was in so large a measure his own creation, must have been a constant stimulus, and at times, when its present gigantic proportions were reached, almost an inspiration. It is not so difficult to be faithful to a winning cause! The growth of the Equitable Society in forty years is a matter of general interest and importance. The original Equitable Building was erected in 1870. It is said that Mr. Hyde insisted upon the introduction of passenger-elevators into the building, against the advice of the society's building committee, and at a time when not a single office building in New York had that feature. This may seem a comparatively slight matter, but it is really characteristic of his achievements in other directions; for many things which he approached as promising novelties and innovations have become commonplaces.



HENRY BALDWIN HYDE.

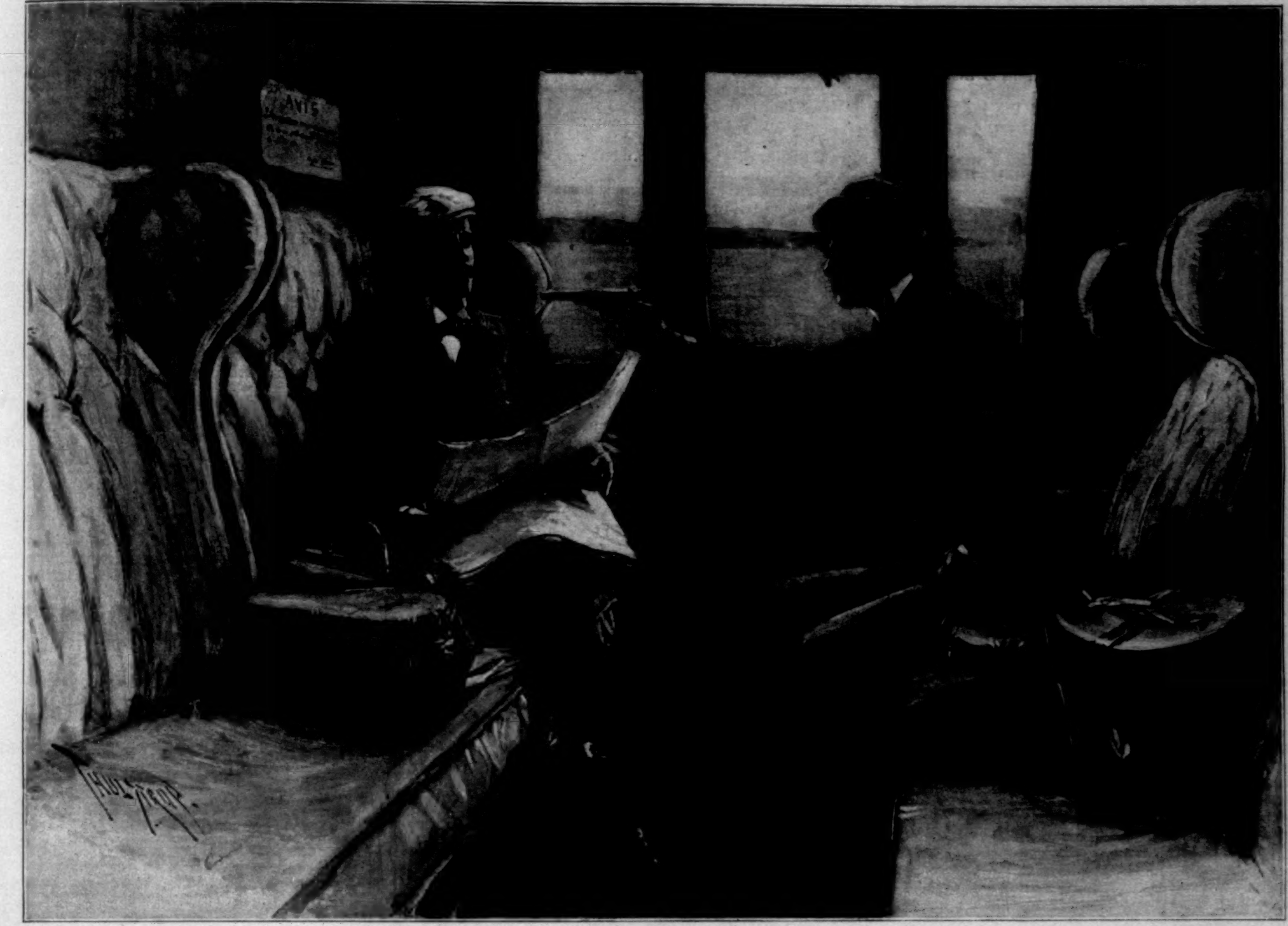
FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

The Tornado

ONE of the prettiest residence districts in all Missouri—a part of the city of Kirksville which had been newly built, and in which hundreds of cottages, each with its garden or lawn, stood on either side of streets lined with shade-trees—was destroyed in two minutes by a tornado on the evening of April 27. Nearly fifty persons were killed, one hundred or more were wounded, and six or seven hundred rendered homeless. A public appeal by the Mayor of Kirksville, dated April 28, requested cities and towns throughout the State to contribute financial assistance at once to relieve the sufferers, as the emergency could not be met by the local authorities.

The storm came without warning, preceded only by a light rain at six o'clock. There had been no ominous darkness; the clouds appeared to be (according to one survivor) innocent and "fleecy-looking"; there was a fair breeze, and the temperature was moderate. Then the great wind fell like the torrent of Niagara, and with a roar and a destructive power like Niagara's. All things standing in its path—the trees, buildings of wood and of brick—were either levelled with the ground, or torn or lifted up, whirled away, and scattered as fragments beyond the town in woodland and prairie. In two minutes it had passed. Then fires broke out at several points among the ruins; the apparatus of the fire department could not be made effective. Opportunely a heavy rain followed to quench the flames. Many people report seeing bodies of men and animals blown skyward.

Newton, a small place of about eight hundred inhabitants in Sullivan County, was also struck by a cyclone at nearly the same hour. A large part of the town was ruined; ten of its inhabitants were killed, and twenty-six injured. This storm, also, came almost without warning.



THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF "LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

SECRET HISTORY.

Concerning myself, an Emperor, and a few other important people.

HAD it not been for the restlessness of William the Sudden, this would never have been written. The trouble began in his Majesty's ear, I believe—I have forgotten which one. At any rate, the trouble spread—I do not mean locally, but in accordance with the inelegant Muscovite proverb, "When the Czar itches, all Asia scratches."

So when the Emperor's auricular irritation set him scheming and plotting, those symptoms of international agitation known as canards kept the telegraph busy, until even the United States stirred like a sleepy watch-dog vibrating with subterranean grumbles. Nevertheless, in the daily papers there was nothing more than the usual rumors of war in Europe. Nobody imagined that America had any interest in the Luxembourg question. Therefore what I write may surprise some people.

Late in that oppressive month of July I had been detached from my regiment, the Seventh Cavalry, and ordered to Washington—why, I knew not. I had absolutely nothing to do in the city, except to report at the War Department every day, study geography, and brush up my knowledge of French, Dutch, and Flemish.

For a week I sweltered in the broiling city, wondering what I was wanted for, until a chance word from the Assistant Secretary of War gave me my cue. I was utterly amazed. I had read in the daily papers something about the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, and the mild European sensation concerning the Emperor's rumored intentions towards it. I knew, as everybody knows, that Luxembourg, once a state belonging to the German Confederation, is now an independent Grand Duchy closely allied to Holland. This small triangular country, hemmed in by Belgium, France, and Rhenish Prussia, and secretly coveted by all three, served as a buffer-state to keep these Christian nations from inter-assassination. It was practically defenceless; its capital, the crumbling city of Luxembourg, contained a single battalion of troops, a grand-duke, a duchess, and a dozen cannon. Yet its very weakness was its safeguard—or at least had been its safeguard until the ear of William the Sudden tickled that monarch into a mischievous activity that threatened to arouse all Europe. For William cast his weather-eye towards Luxembourg, and deciding it to be proper ground on which to plant the gospel of his consecrated person, set his archæologists to work to prove that Luxembourg had always belonged to him, and that the Treaty of London was void. The archives of the German Confederation, which once existed, corroborated his tentative claim—at least he said they did; but the pretty young Queen of Holland turned up her pretty nose and quietly mobilized two drowsy Dutch army corps, which contributed to the merriment of the initiated and the irritation of William the Sudden. And all this time the public suspected nothing, and the press saw in the mobilization merely the autumn manœuvres of the Dutch army.

Then intrigue followed intrigue and politics waxed hotter, and France secretly created more artillery and Belgium built more forts—forts utterly superfluous, by-the-way, as everybody knows that there are already more forts in Belgium than regiments to garrison them.

England, rising heavily from her sea-washed chalk cliffs, looked out across the Channel and glared at Luxembourg. Then the Atlantic cables began to grow hot with cipher codes—messages that culminated in a secret understanding: the proposed joint seizure of Samoa by England and the United States the moment a German soldier set foot on Luxembourg soil. Yet of this understanding the public had not the faintest suspicion.

That was the situation until the tension increased, when William the Sudden made a speech to his guard regiments, full of concentrated and consecrated malice, which startled a Foreign Office and a Department of State. The public, not understanding it, derided its author.

In the astonished silence that ensued, the United States, ignoring its traditional policy, executed an unobtrusive masterpiece of diplomacy, neither noticed nor understood by anybody except the government officials directly concerned. And yet it was exquisitely original, and almost Asiatic in its complicated simplicity. It was this:

An American commissioner had been named and sent to Luxembourg, ostensibly *en route* for the Antwerp Exhibition. Once in Luxembourg, however, he was quietly received as the accredited representative of the United States—the first foreign minister to the independent state of Luxembourg.

This unprecedented action signified the unmistakable decision of the United States that Luxembourg was to remain an independent country; it made clear to Germany that any imperial action towards the acquisition of Luxembourg would be considered as an act of conquest on the part of Germany towards a free and friendly state.

The blow fell hard on William. He had expected to have some moral excuse for action. Now he had none. This diplomatic slap in the face did not sweeten his disposition. To smite him was an awful thing; the United States government knew that, and waited for a Teutonic upheaval. And the sensational press and the prying public never imagined that the United States and Germany stood on the brink of war.

Affairs were at this stage when I was ordered to Washington. Affairs remained in that state until, to the admiration and amusement of the few officials who enjoyed the confidence of the Executive, it was hinted that the President had decided to send a military attaché to the legation at Luxembourg. I was to be that attaché; not because I possessed the slightest diplomatic ability, but because I spoke Dutch, French, and Flemish, and was not ignorant of the Walloon dialect. So, one beautiful morning in August, after a rambling and tedious lecture from the Secretary of War, I packed my grip and climbed aboard a B. & O. train for New York.

A week later I was in Paris.

An hour later I was in trouble.

CHAPTER II.

TWO PASSPORTS.

In which there is the devil to pay.

WHEN the Brussels-Antwerp through express left Paris for the city of Luxembourg, late in the afternoon, the first-class smoking compartment was occupied by two young men. One had been handed a telegram just as the train moved off. He turned a trifle pale as he opened it. He did not interest me particularly, although I hoped he had received no bad news. I could not ask him, however, because I did not know him.

The other young man sat smoking and drumming noiselessly on the car window with gloved fingers. That was the man who interested me. I glanced into the panel-mirror across the aisle, and nodded at my own reflection in friendly fashion, then turned again towards the window, to blink at trees, hedges, and telegraph poles flying past, until the monotony tired me, and I picked up the *Figaro* and read it through.

Now, although there was little in the paper to interest me, a single news item tucked away on the third page momentarily arrested my attention. The item was food for a cynic's digestion. It read:

"Prince Edric of Prussia is said to be deeply in love with a beautiful peasant girl of Luxembourg. As his intentions are *honorable*, the situation causes the Emperor great unhappiness."

The paragraph started a train of thought, which I followed, leaning on the window-sill, until I unconsciously began to weave a pretty romance around the peasant girl of Luxembourg and the handsome Prussian prince.

The train roared across a trestle; below, a swiftly rushing river flashed into sight, then vanished, and again the broad level plain, spotted with poplars, stretched peacefully away to the horizon.

I had been lounging there by the window for some time, absorbed in my own thoughts, eyes noting indifferently the changeless procession of trees and fields, when the sound of a match scraping behind me drew my attention. My fellow-traveller was attempting to set fire to a cigar—an atrocious one, from which he had just pulled a straw. I thought to myself, "There is but one nation sufficiently degraded to foster trade in that kind of cigar: my companion is a German."

I spoke to him pleasantly in German. I can do it when mentally excited. He courteously removed the cigar from his lips and replied conventionally to my conventional observation. Meanwhile his match had burned out. I saw him prepare to strike another; at the same moment he caught my eye. What my face expressed I can only conjecture; at any rate, he again removed the cigar from between his lips and examined the slightly charred end.

"There is nothing the matter with it, is there?" he asked, seriously.

I leaned across the aisle to inspect the infernal machine, and we began a critical confab concerning tobacco, which ended in my suggesting that he give an expert's opinion on one of my Havana cigars. He agreed; it was my first diplomatic triumph on foreign soil.

Now I knew that I was casting pearls; moreover, I had few American cigars left; but as long as my cigars and diplomacy held out, I swore that I should not suffocate to make a German's holiday.

When my companion expressed placid satisfaction with the cigar, I replied suitably, and we settled back on our velvet cushions, prepared for further confidences or for silence.

After a few moments' aromatic reverie, I became conscious that my companion was staring at me. Instinctively I raised my head, but he was looking at the lamp in the ceiling, absently tearing the blue telegram to pieces.

We chatted a little; we touched on politics, partridge-shooting, and the Spanish loan. I tried him with English; he spoke it perfectly, so I knew he had not learned it in America, and he knew that I had.

Again I relapsed into a reverie, unconsciously taking up the thread where I had dropped a stitch in the romance of the prince and the peasant girl, indolently wondering where, in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, Prince Edric's inamorata dwelt.

As long as I was bound for the city of Luxembourg, it pleased me to think that I was going to a land where a prince could still love honorably, and where the opening bud of Romance proved that the stalk had not withered to the root. For the roots of Romance are bedded in chivalry, and not until chivalry and honor vanish from the world will the frail flower of Romance become extinct.

While I had been musing by the window, industriously smoking and constructing this metaphor, my eyes had followed an interminable landscape, monotonous, featureless, yet continually changing to a thousand dreary facsimiles of the original copyrighted view.

And all the while I had been instinctively aware that my German neighbor opposite had never taken his eyes off me. He studied my features persistently; he examined my clothes, my shoes. I gazed dreamily out of the rattling cinder-smeared windows, and I felt his eyes estimating my probable height.

"Continental curiosity," I thought to myself; yet, as I thought it, I knew there was no such thing as Continental curiosity. I had been educated in France.

A little impatient, I turned to encounter his direct gaze. He did not attempt to evade my eyes; on the contrary, he said, amiably:

"It is curious how we resemble each other. Have you observed?"

"No," I said, "I have not."

Irritation succeeded surprise as I noticed his dark, handsome eyes, his splendid color, his perfectly shaped head, and contrasted them with my ordinary brown eyes, monotonous coat of tan, and stocky neck and head. He noticed my reserve.

"Nevertheless," he said, pleasantly, "I will wager, monsieur, that in your passport the official description of you would fit me in every particular."

"Oh," said I, "that is easily proven. Shall we lay a bet?"

"With pleasure," he replied; "and, furthermore, I will wager that the description in my passport will fit you."

"I'll take those bets," I said; "what are the stakes?"

"I beg you to name them," he replied, courteously.

"Very well," I said; "I'll lay you a dozen cigars against a cigarette that neither of our passports properly describes anybody but the owner." If I lost, at least I'd keep him smoking decent tobacco.

"Done—with pleasure," he said, drawing his passport from his pocket.

Fumbling in my breast pocket for my own passport, I had time to notice that his was engraved in German and bore the seals of the German Empire.

"Shall I read my passport?" I asked, opening the parchment and glancing at him.

"By all means," he replied, opening his own formidable document.

He raised the window, tossed out the pieces of his torn telegram, and turned to me expectantly. So I began:

> "UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, DEPARTMENT OF STATE.
>
> "*To all to whom these presents shall come:*
>
> "GREETING,—I, the undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern to permit Gilbert Hardy, a citizen of the United States, safely and freely to pass, and, in case of need, to give him all lawful aid and protection.
>
> "Given under my hand and the seal of the Department of State, at the City of Washington, the 17th day of July, [SEAL.] in the year of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-first.

"Now," I continued, "follows the description:

> "Age, twenty-five years. Stature, five feet seven and a quarter inches. Forehead, medium. Eyes, brown. Nose, very slightly upturned. Mouth, medium. Chin, round. Hair, brown. Complexion, fair. Face, full. Mustache, short and light brown.

"And," I ended, "here is my signature and the number of the passport—5329."

"Does not that description fit me also?" he asked.

I began to re-read the items, glancing up at him from time to time, and, to my surprise, found that everything, except age and height, described him as well as it did me.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Twenty-five."

"And are you five feet seven and a quarter inches in height?"

He made a rapid mental calculation from German to English measure.

"Exactly," he replied.

Then he read from his own passport his name, Stanerl von Elbe, and the official description of himself, which, translated into English, agreed exactly with the description of myself in my own passport.

"I have lost my bet," said I, laughing; "yet could any two people be really more unlike than you and I?"

"Suppose," said he, gayly, "that you and I exchange passports for a while—say for a month or two? It would be amusing, would it not?"

I laughed and folded up my paper.

"I mean it seriously," he said; "would you?"

"No," said I, frankly, "I don't think I would."

"Neither of us really have any use for passports in civilized Europe," he persisted; "and yet, do you know, it would be of great service to me if you would exchange—say for a day or two."

At this extraordinary if not impertinent request I looked at the young fellow in surprise. He returned my stare and continued:

"I am perfectly aware how unusual such a suggestion may seem to you, Mr. Hardy, and I beg you to believe that I intend neither to affront you nor to attempt any familiarity that our casual acquaintance could not warrant."

"It certainly does not warrant our exchanging passports," I said.

"It warrants nothing," he replied, turning red. "I should scarcely have risked a snub from a stranger. I have been trying to make up my mind to ask you for your passport for the last hour."

"I cannot, of course, give you my passport," said I; "you yourself, Monsieur von Elbe, will understand why."

"Because you don't know me?"

"Exactly; and because I don't propose to have a stranger impersonating me. Why should I?"

"Because," he said, in a low voice, "it might help me without harming you."

"If I knew that," I said, "you should have the passport."

He straightened up and dropped his left hand to a level with his hip, where, had he been an officer, he would have found a sword-hilt swinging.

"Can you not understand, monsieur," said I, irritably, "that I am not insulting you because I refuse to credit what you tell me? Nor should I, under such circumstances, expect you to believe me."

"I am a Prussian and an officer," he said, haughtily.

"That I knew when you reached for your sword—which," I continued, "is a habit of German officers not at all appreciated by Americans."

I was becoming more irritated every moment; he had tightened his lips and straightened up, shoulders squared, eyes narrowing with suppressed anger.

"When you acknowledge me to be an officer and a Prussian," he said, "you naturally admit me incapable of deception."

"And yet," I said, "you wish me to be a party to wholesale deception by furnishing you with my passport."

That staggered him; he gazed blankly at me, lips slightly parted.

"Let us drop the subject," I suggested, pleasantly; for, in spite of his impudence, I could not choose but like him; he was wonderfully handsome, and as manly a youngster as I had ever encountered.

"I cannot drop the subject," he said, with an effort; "all the humiliation you put me to is worth enduring—because I must have your passport."

"Must?" I repeated, sharply.

"Yes. You would give it to me if you knew what depends on your generosity."

"What depends on my generosity?"

"I cannot tell you."

I bowed and picked up the *Figaro;* not that I was going to read it, but it seemed a means of closing the discussion.

For ten minutes I scanned it mechanically—understanding nothing of what I read—wondering who the deuce this young fellow might be who took such easy liberties with other people's property. My paper hid him from my view. He kept very still. After a while I slightly lowered the paper to glance at him, and found myself looking into the round black barrel of a revolver. There was a painful silence; I tried to rivet my gaze on his face, but my eyes always returned to that round black muzzle. Suddenly I made a quick motion towards my hip pocket, and at the same moment the muzzle of his pistol chilled my ear.

"Give me your passport," he said, in a strained voice.

"The pleasure is mine," I replied, producing the document. "I was not before aware of your profession, monsieur, otherwise I might have made it more interesting for us both."

His hand trembled a trifle as he lowered the shining weapon, but he still kept me covered, his hand resting on his left knee.

"I am not a highwayman," he said, unsteadily; "I am driven to this."

"Oh, I see you are not a highwayman," I replied. "May I offer you my watch as a guarantee of my sympathy and admiration?"

He paled and raised the pistol, aiming at my eyes.

"Damn you!" he said, fiercely, "if you insult me again, I'll fire this in your face!"

We sat silently facing each other. I, between apprehension and astonishment, found my wits in a sadly disordered condition, and I felt decidedly relieved when again he lowered his weapon and sat, breathing fast, watching my slightest movement.

My policy was to wait, and I knew it.

Presently he spoke again, distinctly, weighing every phrase, trimming each word to the quick, and biting off sentences with a crisp snap.

"Your passport will be returned to you—my word as a Prussian officer. Give me your parole that you will not attempt to recover it by force. It will relieve us both."

"I give you my word that I won't attempt anything as long as you have me covered," I said.

"And if I put up my pistol?"

"Then God help you!" I thought to myself.

"Answer," he repeated.

I shrugged my shoulders and looked out of the window. For I had an article in my hip pocket that I was sure would interest him—and I wondered whether he'd give me half a chance to reach for it before we reached Luxembourg.

"May I look at my time-table?" I asked, gently.

"There are no stops between Paris and Luxembourg," he said.

CHAPTER III.

EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS.

Wherein an interesting question of precedence is settled.

IT was an hour before I spoke again. My companion sat quietly in his corner of the compartment, revolver and eyes focussed on my person. Whenever I made a movement he promptly levelled his weapon at my head, and kept it in that annoying position until I became motionless again. To me the proceedings were at once humiliating and monotonous. At times I relapsed into a hypnotic inspection of the revolver muzzle always confronting me, although his firm hand rested easily on one knee.

As the slow minutes passed, the situation became more interesting to us both, because we knew that sooner or later we should arrive at the station. There I intended to turn the tables on my bandit friend from Prussia. Perhaps he read my thoughts. He glanced uneasily out of the car window; but as yet there was nothing to see except flat dusty plains, symmetrical poplars, and the level western sun smouldering behind a straight band of violet haze.

Disgust had succeeded my first alarm; that too gave way to curiosity, then to ennui.

"Pooh!" thought I, "the game is in my own hands when we come to the station."

Before long I felt that I was going to yawn, and this pleased me. "For," thought I, "there are not so many people in this world who find time to yawn into the muzzle of a pistol."

"Pardon, monsieur," I said, "but I am about to commit a breach of etiquette. May I dissimulate the indiscretion with my hand?"

He said nothing; I enjoyed my yawn, the more because I noticed he had not raised his too convenient pistol.

"I am under obligations to you," I said. "May I search in my pockets for my handkerchief?"

"Are you armed?" he demanded.

"I am doubly armed with innocence," I replied, flippantly.

"Anything else?" he insisted, sarcastically.

"Oh, nothing but a Colt's six-shooter."

"Then never mind your handkerchief for the present," he returned.

As I didn't need my handkerchief, I didn't mind. After a while he again asked me for my parole, and I refused.

"I tell you no harm need come to you," he repeated.

I said nothing.

"But it may, unless you listen to me and do what I say," he added, with unconcealed impatience.

"Oh, I'll listen," I replied, "but I won't give you my parole. If I did I'd keep it—even to you."

He eyed me narrowly for a moment or two, during which I affected an interest in the sunset that I did not feel.

"May I trouble you for your attention?" he said, angrily.

"You are in a position to trouble me for more than that," I imprudently replied.

For a second I thought he was going to shoot me. A cool current of air from the ventilator dried the sudden perspiration on my cheek-bones. When he had mastered his fury, which was exclusively internal, he said:

"Monsieur, I have subjected myself to sneers and insinuations from an American. Our relative positions at this moment do not allow me to resent any affront from you, nor even to inform you, in suitable terms, of my opinion concerning you. But when I have the pleasure to return you your passport I shall permit myself the honor of insulting you."

"Your presence alone will accomplish that," I replied.

He controlled himself so beautifully that it occurred to me I was playing a sorry game—like a little boy making faces at a caged panther.

"Come," said I, "after all, I suppose even highwaymen are sensitive at times. I'm obliged to you for your self-control. I can't make you out, and I don't particularly care to, but I warn you frankly that if I can get my passport back I'll do it. Why," I continued, "this thing is monstrous. By Heaven! if I had a chance—only half a chance—"

"What would you do?" he asked, much interested.

"I'd blow your damned head off!" I said, gayly.

"Listen," he said; "I'll give you a chance to seek the satisfaction that certainly is yours by right. I'll fight you in a week, when and where and with whatever you please, conforming, of course, to established procedure. Now will you give me your parole?"

"No," I said, shortly.

"Why? Because you do not trust me?"

"Why should I? You rob me, and then ask me to trust you? Go to the devil!"

"Very well," he said, with tightened lips; "I shall have the greater pleasure in offering you satisfaction—a week from to-day."

"The tribute will be as unwelcome as unexpected," I said. "I don't fight duels with bandits."

"That will do!" he interrupted, in a harsh voice. "You can afford to risk it if I can."

He glanced out of the window; I made the faintest motion towards my hip, then desisted.

"I have one thing to say to you before we reach Luxembourg," he said, tossing his passport on to the cushion at my side. "It is this: don't use that passport of mine. You need not show it. I give it to you to be rid of it. In case of detention I can't afford to have that passport found in my possession."

"I don't want it," I said; but he ignored my observation and continued:

"When we reach the station—and we'll be there shortly—contrary to custom, the gendarmes may ask for your passport. Don't show them mine. Say simply that you have lost your passport—which will be true."

"Oh, quite true."

"Which will be true," he repeated, coldly. "If you do this you will avoid serious inconvenience."

"If I don't, what then?" I asked.

"You'll find out," he said, with the faintest twinkle of amusement in his eyes.

Of course I immediately made up my mind to show his passport, whether anybody asked for it or not. Naturally he would not care to have me show his passport to the police. Then it occurred to me that he certainly was not obliged to give me his passport and run the risk of my showing it. Perhaps, after all, it was to my advantage to take his strange advice.

He must have divined my perplexity, for he said, "It's good advice; take it."

Out of the corner of my eye, through the car window, I saw signs that we were approaching the city of Luxembourg: long lines of freight-cars side-tracked, signal-towers, sheds, lonesome locomotives hissing and steaming on turn-tables, and, to my great satisfaction, here and there I had a glimpse of Luxembourg gendarmes in patent-leather shakos and blue and white uniforms, patrolling a broad terraced highway that ran parallel with the railroad.

"When we arrive at the station and the train stops," said my companion, "I'll trouble you to get out first."

"In the etiquette of precedence," I replied, cheerfully, "I submit to your revolver and to your more extensive Continental experience."

"Confound you!" he burst out, with a boyish laugh, "you're not a bad fellow, after all!"

"Indeed I'm not," I said, "but you may not appreciate me in a moment more."

"Are you going to get out first?"

"Yes—if you insist."

"And wait for the psychological moment when you can draw your six-shootaire?"

His affected pronunciation—for he spoke English exquisitely when he chose, revealed in a flash a coolness, a self-assurance, and a subtle irony that fairly took my breath away.

"See!" he said, "we are in the suburbs already. We shall be in the station in half a minute. There you will see lots of gendarmes, lots of railroad officials, lots of people, and a few soldiers on the station platform. Are you going to shout: 'Brigands! Police! Help!'"

"I will if I choose," I said.

"And you'll show my passport as exhibit A, I fancy. Eh? Documents in evidence, damning proof, and all that?"

"Perhaps."

"Better not," he said, laughing outright. His handsome face had undergone a complete transformation. Before, it had been haughty, impenetrable, often darkly furious, and always tinged with the shadow of care. Now it was the face of a boy, reckless, half laughing, glowing with color. He flushed like an eager subaltern at his first battle; he sniffed at danger, and seemed to find the aroma satisfactory. He was a highwayman worthy of the name.

"Pick up my passport," he said, "and put it in your breast pocket. Careful now!" He twirled his revolver as he spoke.

I obeyed, wondering when he was going to appropriate my watch and wallet.

The train glided under an overhanging roof—slower, slower—then stopped in the midst of a sudden tumult of cries: "Luxembourg! Luxembourg! All out for the Custom House! Descendez, messieurs, s'il vous plait!"

"Descendez, monsieur, s'il vous plait," said my companion, with a nervous laugh. I hesitated; his revolver flew up and almost touched my cheek.

"Turn your back. Go!" he whispered, fiercely.

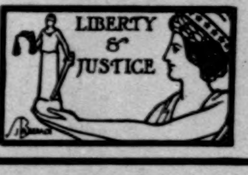
I went.

But as my foot touched the asphalt platform, quick as thought I ducked behind the door, whipped out my revolver, and fired back into the compartment from which I had emerged.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The RECONSTRUCTION *of* CUBA

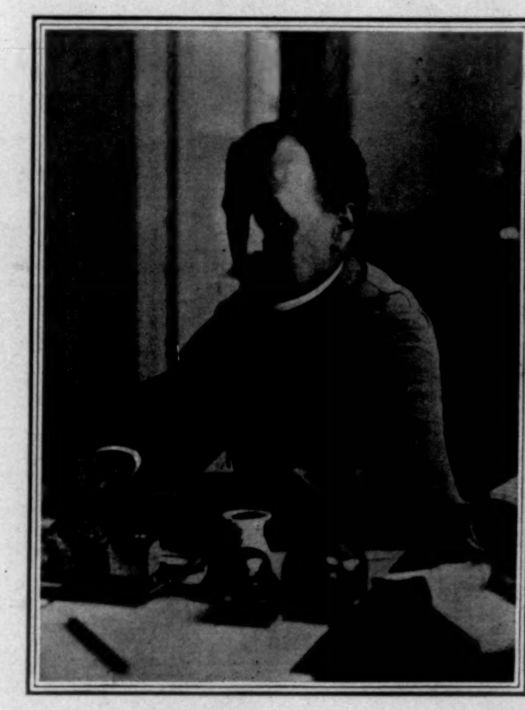
By Franklin Matthews



VIII.

TAXATION AND MATTERS OF FINANCE IN HAVANA

IN the orders assigning General Ludlow to become the military governor of the city of Havana and its suburbs there was a direction that he should cause an investigation to be made as to the income and expenses of the city, and also as to the methods of taxation employed. The object was not only to obtain accurate and necessary information for the proper administration of the affairs of a large city under American military control, but also to correct such evils of grave importance as might be discovered. There was little doubt that such evils did exist.



COL. WILLIAM M. BLACK, U. S. A.,
Chief of the Department of Public Works.

In accordance with his instructions, General Ludlow issued an order, almost as soon as he reached Havana, establishing what was called a Finance Commission. The order was dated January 14. A commission of six members was appointed to find out the exact condition of the city treasury—to learn the exact sources of revenue of the city; how this revenue was collected, accounted for, and where it was deposited; to learn the full disposition of the money collected, how it was spent, by whom, and on what authority; to learn particulars of the bonded debt and other obligations of the city, and for what purposes these obligations were incurred; to learn how advances were secured and loans made, and to secure any other information of importance regarding the city's finances.

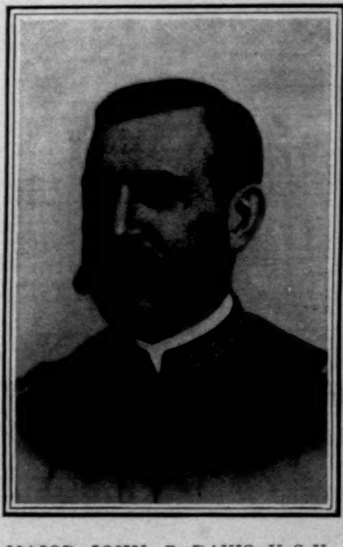
The commission was to make an exhaustive and thorough study into matters of the municipal revenue, with the hope of finding better ways of distributing the burden arising from them, and to stop corrupt practices wherever they existed. It was a task involving a vast amount of research, and it needed the supervision and study of clear-headed men. For the chairman of this commission General Ludlow selected Mr. Ernest L. Conant, a New York lawyer, just entering upon middle age, a man whose legal attainments had attracted wide attention in our law-schools. He had been a teacher in the Harvard Law School, and when he left the theoretical for the practical side of the law he did so against the earnest protests of President Eliot and other men, who knew his worth as an instructor and as a deep student. Mr. Conant had been called to Havana when the Evacuation Commission was in session in the fall of 1898. His legal work was of great value to the American commissioners, and when that work was over he remained in the city to look after certain American interests of large importance.

General Ludlow immediately decided to make use of Mr. Conant's ability. Mr. Conant informed him that he represented certain corporate interests in Havana, but General Ludlow said he saw no reason why, as a man of honor, he could not maintain business relations with the administration of the city and look after his private clients as well, inasmuch as his private business had no connection whatever with the matter of city finance and taxation. With the distinct understanding that if at any time questions relating to the interests he represented should become a matter for decision by the administration they should be passed upon strictly on their merits and without regard to Mr. Conant's association with them, he consented to head the commission to study and report upon the city's finances.

Associated with Mr. Conant were Mr. Leopoldo Cancio, Samuel M. Jarvis, Manuel Villanova, I. N. Casanova, and George W. Hyatt, most of whom had long been residents of Havana, were familiar with the business methods of the place, and occupied a recognized place of the highest integrity in the community. The instructions to the commission were to do the work thoroughly, and to report as soon as the work could be accomplished. General Ludlow gave the commission the fullest authority to examine documents and records and to question any one who might have knowledge of the affairs they were investigating. He set aside for them the office-room and workshop of former Captain-General Weyler, and they were instructed to sit as frequently as they could. They held daily sessions.

The commission soon found that there had not been any statement or report prepared regularly of the exact amount of money collected by the city or of its exact expenses. A budget had been prepared each year, showing estimates of the amount of money required to run the city, but it was never the custom to report how near the expenses, as estimated in the budget, were satisfied by the actual collections and disbursements. Mr. Conant repeatedly called for a statement as to city expenditures, but the officials said there was none, and that it could not be compiled. Mr. Conant thought it could be compiled, and he told the city officials so. They said it would take an immense amount of research and labor, and the mañana pretext was called into use for delay. Mr. Conant expected that and was prepared for it, and the way he solved the problem was a passing illustration of what happens when so-called Anglo-Saxon methods come in conflict with Latin methods in the matter of government. Mr. Conant had several interviews with the chief bookkeeper of the city.

Mr. Conant has a manner of reserve, but of great force. He always speaks in a low tone, never gets excited, but has a persistence that is developed in consecutive and logical steps, and that refuses to be thwarted by anything except the impossible. The amount of work involved in the preparation of statements did not bother Mr. Conant at all. It was possible to have the work done, and therefore Mr. Conant, in his quiet determined way, that had a strength of steel in it, said that it should be done forthwith.



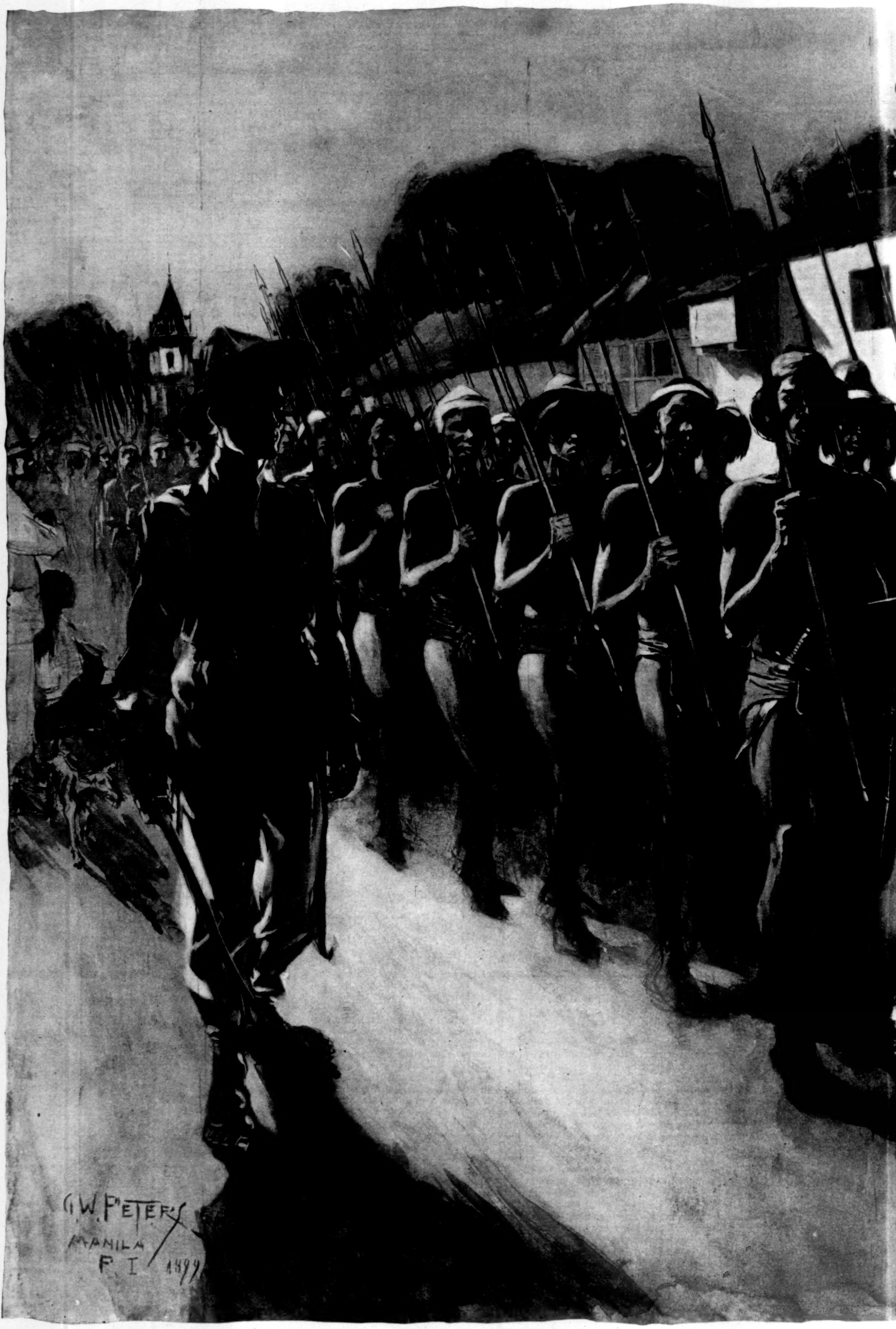
MAJOR JOHN G. DAVIS, U. S. V.,
Department of Sanitation.

Mr. Conant recalled to the bookkeeper that the office force had had practically nothing to do for several months, except to report at the office, remain there during so-called office hours, and then go home. "You have had a good long rest," he said, "and it is only right that you should bear a little of the burden and heat of the day. I myself work from seven o'clock in the morning to midnight frequently. Suppose you have your clerks report at eight o'clock in the morning, with the understanding that they remain as long as seems necessary." A hint that if the office help could not perform the work that was wanted it would be necessary for the commission to find men who could do it was sufficient to transform the office into a hive of excited activity. Mr. Conant set a time when he wanted the report of expenses for the year that had passed transcribed, visited the office several times during the day, smoothed out the wrinkles here and there, dropped a word or two, which were galvanic in their action upon the officials, and, lo and behold! the impossible, according to the officials, had been accomplished, and according to the time limit set.

It was a commendable piece of work, and Mr. Conant told the officials so, and, to prove his sincerity and his appreciation of it, said that inasmuch as they had prepared a table for one year, he then desired them to go back and prepare one for each of the nine years preceding. That was such a droll American way, the former Spanish officials thought, of doing unheard-of and really unnecessary business; but their shrugs and gestures and dismayed looks availed them nothing, and so the work went on, and promptly too. In this way tables of receipts and expenditures were prepared for ten years back, and the commission had something on which to begin work.

The committee's sessions were consumed with the examination of the figures and the questioning of witnesses. A complete record was kept of the proceedings for submission to the American authorities and their inspection. The hearings were not public, and I am not at liberty to reveal any details, so far as I happened to learn them through confidential conversations, as to the discoveries made. By the time this is published a report, or some part of it, may be made public, showing definitely what was accomplished by the inquiry. I can speak in a general way of the methods employed, and give some idea of the great care and thoroughness with which this branch of American control, like all the others set on foot by Generals Greene and Ludlow, was undertaken.

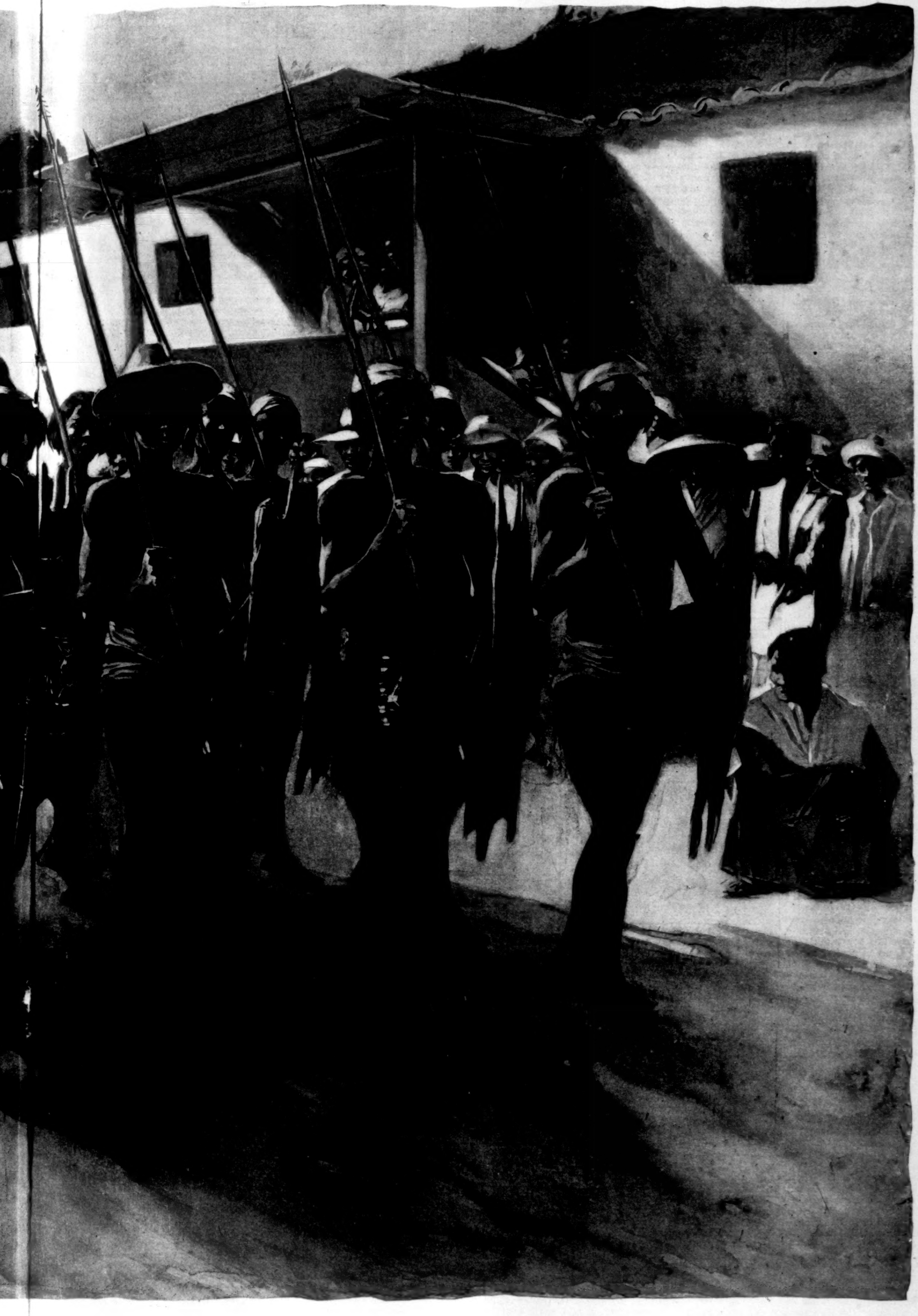
Every side of municipal finance was considered. All the city contracts were examined and passed upon. Grants and concessions, made for whatever reason, were examined, and all their ramifications followed up. Many cases of favoritism were disclosed; situations where there was opportunity for fraud were laid bare. There was need occasionally for great tact in the investigation; and Mr. Conant, as chairman of the commission, was daily in consultation with General Ludlow. He was one of the few callers upon General Ludlow who practically had free admission to the general's presence at any time. He became practically the consulting counsel or city attorney of the American administration. It was found that the taxes were collected in several ways. Part of them were collected by the Spanish Bank, under an agreement by which certain loans were made to the city. The chief of these loans was one of $7,000,000 for the building of the excellent waterworks system of the city. Other taxes were collected in a more or less loose way by contract and a percentage system. There was great looseness in the disbursements, as was to be expected. All sorts of licenses and imposts were exacted wherever it was possible to place them, and there was evasion and deception in returns. The revenue from water consumption was nearly $300,000 a year, and the tax on meat consumption was said to be as high as $675,000 a year. Certain contracts were found to be not in accordance with good public policy, and it was soon seen that some of them ought to be abrogated for good and sufficient cause. The purpose of the inquiry was not so much to punish as to correct abuses, although if it was found necessary it was decided that there would be no hesitation about pun-


G.W. PETERS
MANILA
F.I. 1899

WITH THE INSURGENTS IN THE PHILIPPINES—A COMP

DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "H

Mr. Peters made the Sketch for this Drawing from the Window of the Cell in



MPANY OF IGORROTE SPEARMEN DRILLING IN CALOOCAN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.—[SEE PAGE 485.]

ell in which he was imprisoned when captured by Igorrotes within the Insurgent Lines.

ishment. The idea was to reform thoroughly the money administration of the city, and put it on as satisfactory a basis as that of the honest administration of the custom-house under American military control.

It soon became apparent that there were great frauds in the management and collection of water rents. Gradually they piled up to such an extent that there was need of immediate correction in a wholesale way. It was found that there were thousands of persons getting their water free, through favoritism and corruption. The way this was stopped has not yet been told in print. It forms a fine illustration of what American thoroughness coupled with intelligence and tact can do. There are in Havana something like thirty-nine barrios, or wards, each having an alcalde of its own—an official with powers something like a mayor of the district. These alcaldes had control of the collection of water rents. They could give free water to persons for a consideration, and it was believed, with good reason, that they shared their plunder with other persons higher in authority. It was all part of the great stealing game that had been going on in Havana for decades. All public business and a large amount of private business in Cuba were keyed to the idea of plunder. Somebody robbed you, and you robbed somebody else to get even, and so the game went on, until the burden rested finally upon the one least able to bear it—the poor man who toiled for almost nothing, and was a slave to a base social and commercial system.

Mr. Conant had a long conversation with General Ludlow one day, and a plan was adopted to stop the water frauds in a flash, and to detect those who were committing them. The new police force had been formed, but was not in active service. One day General Menocal, the chief of police, received directions to place his entire force of something like eight hundred men at the disposition of the Finance Commission at a certain hour, without knowing what it was for. That morning Mr. Conant, with a force of twelve clerks, descended upon the Spanish Bank and began an exhaustive examination of its books. By noon this force had copied the names of seven thousand persons who were using the water of the city without paying for it. These names were classified by districts and streets, and a certain number was apportioned to each policeman. It took an immense amount of work, but it was done thoroughly.

The plan was to send a policeman to each house and catch the person using the city water. It was feared, however, that if the alcaldes should find out what was going on they would send out runners and warn those committing the frauds, and thus the work of catching these persons in the act might be rendered futile to some extent. It was planned at first to arrest every one of the alcaldes, but Mr. Conant and his associates evolved a more clever plan, one that showed great tact.

It was decided to send a carriage with a messenger and a written invitation to each of the alcaldes, summoning them at once to attend a meeting of the Finance Commission to consult about the water-supply of the city, and to suggest to the commission any changes in the business methods that might seem desirable. The alcaldes took the bait. Some of them had never been in the Governor-General's palace, and they thought it a great honor to be invited there specially and to come in style. The carriages and messengers dashed away about one o'clock, and before two o'clock the alcaldes began to arrive. By half past two o'clock more than thirty had arrived, and had received a warm welcome. As soon as the alcaldes were safely cornered the police were started out in their work, and they caught more than seven thousand persons actually stealing water. Of course it would have been impossible to arrest them all, and so their names were taken, and instructions were given that they must pay henceforth. What was done about past stealings I do not know.

Meantime the alcaldes began to get restless. They did not know exactly why they were summoned, and upon the pretext of waiting for belated arrivals a desirable delay was made before opening the proceedings of the conference. Finally, about three o'clock, Mr. Conant began to speak. He chose to speak in English, so that something might be gained in time in translation. He wanted information as to how they had conducted the water business in their respective wards. They were very reluctant to speak at first, but finally some of them admitted that there might be frauds here and there, but each one insisted that the frauds were in some other man's bailiwick. Every man present was sure that his own skirts were clear. Mr. Conant was glad to hear such convincing testimony, of course, but he wanted to know how it was possible to commit any frauds. Gradually they loosened up, and by four o'clock they were quite voluble. For an hour the conversation was animated on all sides. The full history of the water operations was gone into, and the commissioners declared that they were happy to get accurate and full information. Would the alcaldes continue to tell what had been done, and what they thought should be done? By five o'clock the tongues of the voluble alcaldes had become completely unloosed, and the commissioners quit talking. They preserved a grave face, although it was somewhat trying to do so, and the alcaldes ran the meeting. They were intensely excited, and even accusations came thick and fast. Of suggestions there was no limit. By six o'clock it was impossible to stop them, and it would have been hard to predict when the meeting would come to an end naturally. The commissioners were in high fettle, but concealed it most skilfully. Finally word came that the work of the police was done, and, with a gravity that only a true humorist could appreciate, the alcaldes were dismissed, with the great thanks of the commission for their valuable services, and they went home. They had been under a delightful duress all the afternoon and had not suspected it. They were told that, inasmuch as the conference could not complete its work that day, they might be summoned another day, and they left, pleased at the great consideration that had been shown to them. The Americans were not so bad, after all, and their politeness was especially worthy of all praise. That conference saved the city of Havana not less than $100,000. I do not know whether it was ever continued. Up to the time I left the island it had not been reconvoked. The full report of the commission's doing will disclose, doubtless, many abuses, and as result there will be a reasonable system of local taxation set in operation, one that will be free from the burden of fraud and robbery, and at the same time that will be adequate to the financial needs of the city.

Although not directly allied to the subject of taxation, the introduction of modern banking methods in Cuba was a subject of great financial importance to the business interests of the island, and it will not be out of place to refer to it here. One of the first acts of the administration, after the American occupation of Cuba had become necessary, was to appoint the North American Trust Company of New York city the fiscal agent of the United States in Cuba. It resulted, first of all, in the establishment of a modern bank in Havana. There were banks in the city, but not such as are known in the United States and European countries generally. Their business was an exchange business chiefly. It had to do largely with the buying and selling of exchange on American and European money centres. There was no deposit system as we know it. The banks would take deposits, but they preferred not to encourage that branch of the business, simply because it was not the general custom. Checks were used against money deposited in a modified way, but it was an unusual method of doing business, and had little vogue in a community used to all kinds of stealing. It was for that reason that the large merchants kept their gold in safes in their business houses. They were fairly sure of having their own money by that means.

This method of retaining direct control of their funds probably explains one remarkable fact which seems to have escaped general notice thus far. There were no large failures in Havana as the result of the war and its complete prostration of business. The shrewd men of property and large moneyed interests discounted practically the serious state of affairs that they saw was coming, and husbanded their resources in such a way that they escaped a great crash, such as might have been expected from the complete stagnation of commerce, the inability to make collections, or to get good security for loans. It is a great tribute to the business sagacity of the merchants and moneyed men of the city that they were able to weather the storm as they did, and it showed a clever adaptation of means to ends in a community where the money side of exchange of commerce was managed so crudely.

There has been a general impression that there has always been great risk in investments in Cuba. Mr. Alfred H. Swayne, the Assistant General Manager of the North American Trust Company in Cuba, said to me that there was great error in this respect. Investments in Cuba, he said, were safe enough, and had always been safe enough if managed properly. Although there has been for decades a condition of uncertainty as to land titles, and although in many cases it required as much as 20 per cent. of the purchase price to have a transfer of land recorded, there were other ways of securing loans than by giving and receiving mortgages. In the old way, when a man loaned money on any commodity the lender became the actual owner of the property until the money loaned was paid. Of course, in the hands of unscrupulous men, such loans were frequently used in oppression and fraud. Nevertheless, in a well-established form of business a general respect for the methods adopted was absolutely necessary, and the element of fraud in this line was not large. A favorite form of collateral was railroad stock. The railroads in Cuba had no bonds, but the stock was large and well distributed, and it was not difficult to secure it for the purpose of loan-making.

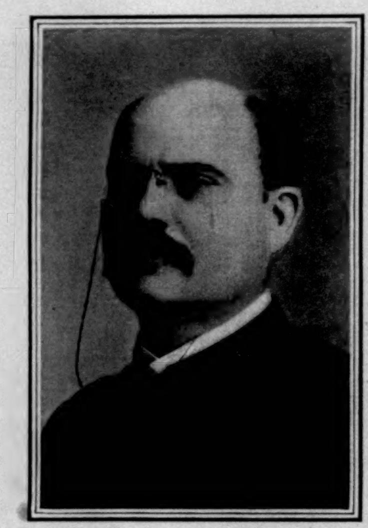
The North American Trust Company established a modern bank of exchange and discount. It also began to receive accounts subject to check. The merchants were slow to adopt such a serious change in their business methods, but not a day passed in the early part of the year when accounts were not opened. There was some difficulty at first in making out deposit slips, because it was necessary to keep two distinct accounts for every man. One was an account in Spanish gold, to which all Cuban money deposited was reduced, and another was in American currency. What is known as the Spanish five-dollar gold piece, the centen, had a value of $4 89 in American money at the time of my visit. The value of exchange was fixed by brokers who were accustomed to seek business in that form of buying and selling.

Another improvement in banking methods, early established by the trust company, was to open safe-deposit vaults—something that hitherto had been unknown in Cuba. There was under contemplation, at the time of my visit, the establishment of a savings-bank department, which by this time has probably been put in operation. All these improvements will take the hoarded money out of the safes of the merchants and place it where it can be put to a proper earning capacity; will bring about a comfortable way of paying debts and making exchanges by paper instead of using actual coin, and must result in greater freedom of exchange of commodities. One wonders how the island ever got along under the old régime. It did retard business life, and in certain lines crippled it, but the merchants got along somehow, at the expense of that confidence and satisfactory means of exchange of commodities so necessary to the existence of modern business life.

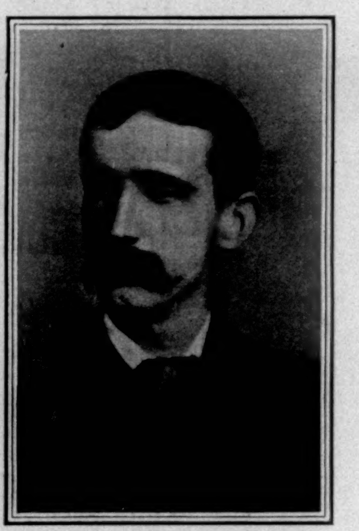
With reduced rates of transportation on railroads already in sight—because Spanish robbery and taxation equal almost to reprisal have been removed—and with modern facilities of exchange already established in the island, it would seem that the business outlook for Cuba must brighten at once, even while the people are waiting to know what kind of a permanent government is to be established. If it shall really be a stable government, vouched for by the American people as represented by the national administration, capital is bound to go to Cuba with a rush, and the laborers to put that capital into full play will follow, and the result must be, it would seem, according to ordinary reasoning, that the island in good time will become, what many of the Cubans are fond of calling it, "a cup of gold."

Gold is a talismanic word in Cuba. With all its troubles and uncertainties Cuba never wavered in its devotion to the gold standard. An artificial premium was put upon gold to keep it from going to Spain. A great transformation in its money system is coming over the island. The American invasion of peace has practically established a new standard, the American gold standard—not the artificial and slightly varying Spanish gold standard. Our money was in free circulation all over the island in February last. Merchants, ticket-sellers on the railroads, and cashiers in other places knew just what to do when American money was given to them in payment for value received. There would be invariably a lot of figuring on a pad—a figuring that I could never pretend to comprehend—but one always received his change accurately in Spanish or American money, as the case might be. The people preferred American money, not so much because it was gold-standard money as because it had an absolutely fixed value. It became the standard, and Spanish gold was adjusted to it day by day. It was driving Spanish money out of general use rapidly.

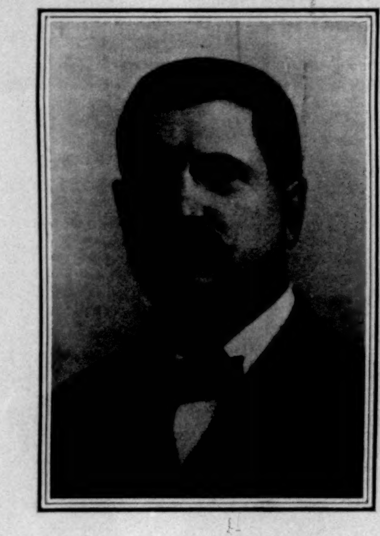
With honest taxation and the honest collection of taxes, with a modern and firm banking method upon the basis of the American gold standard, with the introduction of honesty in official methods, with the purification of the cities, with the consequent investment of large capital, it seems entirely reasonable to say that the recovery of Cuba from the disaster of war must not only be rapid, but even more fruitful than is customary when the ways of peace have superseded the sword and the torch.



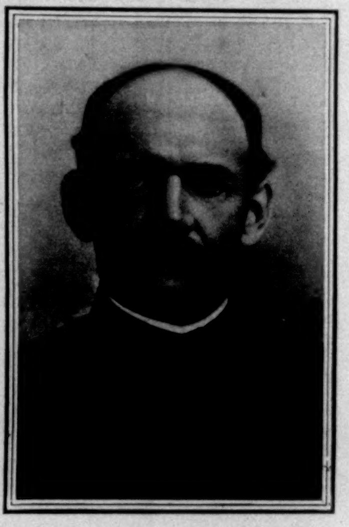
MAJOR T. H. BLISS, U. S. A.,
Collector of Customs, Havana.



WALTER A. DONALDSON,
Deputy-Collector of Customs.



MAJOR E. O. RATHBONE,
Director of Posts.



CAPT. E. ST. J. GREBLE, U. S. A.,
Department of Food-Supplies.

FOUR OF THE MEN WHO ARE AIDING IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF CUBA.

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

CITIES OF PUERTO RICO

EVERY one who intends to visit Puerto Rico asks two questions—"Which is the best town on the island?" and, "Which is the best town for business?" The answers to both questions must necessarily be a trifle ambiguous, for each of the three principal cities—San Juan on the north coast, Ponce on the south, and Mayaguez on the west—possesses certain prestige, commercially, over the others, while if the first question refers to climate no one of the three compares favorably with many of the interior mountain hamlets.

San Juan, as the seat of the island government, has always been the leading city in population, and also as regards the congested condition of its populace. It boasts naturally, as the past home of the Spanish Governor-General, the principal military, naval, and high civil functionaries, the finest public buildings, and there have been appropriated and expended more moneys for general local improvements than in any other city.

It has undoubtedly the best harbor on the island, in that it is completely landlocked, though at present it is sadly in need of dredging, so that ships may have sufficient depth of water and room to manœuvre in the basin. The city is entirely circumvallated by an immense sea-wall, and guarded on the north and east by the picturesque, antiquated, and massive forts of Morro and San Cristóbal.

The population of the city and suburbs is estimated at about 30,000, and probably within the narrow confines of the town itself, which is compressed into a very limited space between the great forts on the seaward side and the battlements of the harbor, live over 20,000 souls. The principal house portion of the town consists of well-constructed—so far as the walls go—double-storied buildings, with now and then one rising to three floors. In the more squalid portions of the city (one can walk all over the town in an hour) the houses are but a story high, and in a single room an entire family—and more—eke out an existence in the semi-darkness of the one-windowed, ill-ventilated apartment. The storekeepers and business men who do not live outside the city, in the pretty little suburban towns of Bayamon, San Turce, and Rio Piedras, usually live over their stores, on the second floor. A town residence with a front yard is unknown, and the only bits of green to be seen are in the gardens of the Governor-General's palace, the Casa Blanca, or in the inner courtyards, measuring a few square yards, of some of the more prosperous merchants.

The streets are narrow and dark—a gloom increased by the projecting balconies of the second story, where, in the evenings, the family sit and chatter in the light pleasant chit-chat of Southern climes. The sidewalks are so narrow two people may not walk abreast, and hence the streets—which, it must be said, are well paved and scrupulously clean—are used as highways for pedestrians and vehicles in common.

There are two public plazas—one near the heart of the town, upon which faces the City Hall and the Intendencia, and the other on the outskirts of the city, under the frowning walls of San Cristóbal. The former is merely a flat open space, cement-paved, and surrounded by a thin line of young shade trees. In the evenings the citizens of the town closely crowd this little quadrangle, and promenade, apparently in happy spirit, to the music of the band. The Plaza de Colombo is still more restricted in area, and in it stands a handsome statue of Columbus, while behind his back one may partake of the vinous beverages of Spain and the island in a tiny wooden booth. Facing this square is the grand theatre, which is not only a handsome building, but has a seating capacity of nearly 5000. The stage is wide and deep, and the settings admirable. Some of the most noted opera-singers have sung to crowded audiences in this house. Theatrical performances, however, have been, as a rule, far apart, the French vaudeville having oftener than anything else brought laughter from San Juan audiences. This great opera-house has served, too, as a public meeting-place, and all vital political questions have been discussed in its auditorium.

There are two clubs or casinos in the city, Spanish and Puerto-Rican—in fact, there are three, now that the Americans have opened their hostelry, which has a rapidly growing membership, principally of army officers. One small library may be found on the main plaza.

San Juan boasts of the most pretentious, at least, of the educational institutions and best supported churches on the island, and it has an island hospital for the insane, a poorhouse, a jail, the largest barracks for soldiers, and a great military hospital, which recently, under American hands, has become a model institution.

There is more of historic interest and general picturesqueness in this old place, founded by Ponce de Leon in 1511, than in any other locality, and hence the tourist and the sight-seer may have their hearts gladdened by the moss-grown and decaying architecture; though to the business man, the man who contemplates making Puerto Rico his future home, it is perhaps the least attractive place. Its drawbacks may be summed up by saying that the city has virtually no more room to expand on its little island without reclaiming outlying morass; it has already a shrewd and far-sighted population of business men, Spanish, Puerto-Rican, French, and German, with just a few Americans who are old residents, and they cover fully every branch of possibly profitable trade, and are perfectly competent, both by experience and accumulated wealth, to quickly seize new chances and hold closely in their grasp the old.

There are, however, two advantages—both natural—possessed by this town over the sea-coast places: one, the harbor, which, by its protected position and ready accessibility from the north, will always make this a desirable port of entry; and again, its position on a sloping hill-side in close proximity to the sea, which makes the problem of introducing underground drainage a comparatively easy one, and will, when this sanitary improvement is accomplished, convert San Juan into the most healthful of towns, instead of being, as it is now, a breeding-place for periodic pestilence.

Ponce claims, by her last census, a population of 49,000 people in her urban and rural districts of the province. In the town proper, however, the population is 15,000 or a little over, though, by including the villages of Cantera, Canas, and Playa, which are closely connected together, and lie on the highway leading to the water-front two miles away, the number may be raised to 24,500, or quite as many people as in San Juan proper.

It may be overdrawing a trifle to say that the spirit of Ponce is American; there is no doubt, however, that there is a far more progressive air about the inhabitants than elsewhere. They court and foster enterprise, and—which is a desirable condition—the population is principally Puerto-Rican, as distinguished from the conservative Spanish, over whom many years will pass before they will change their methods or hold out the hand of frankness to Americans. Without going into detail, it may be said that Americans will here find the hand of hospitality and fraternity extended to them in a degree not existing in the older town; and further, the writer believes that the people will heartily co-operate in any improvements or methods which will lead to a practical betterment of the city or its laws.

An important factor to men contemplating a permanent residence in some town on the island is the possibility of extension of the corporate limits. Ponce has none of the natural barriers to expansion existing at San Juan, as it is built upon a level surface, under the edges of the rolling foot-hills, and at a considerable elevation above the sea. It can grow readily in almost any direction with equal facility, and it has not at its threshold any of the miasmatic, fetid marshes so common to the coast.

The heart of the city is well built, with many brick houses, and the streets, while not paved, as in San Juan, are well macadamized and wide, with sidewalks which are too narrow, yet are an advance over other towns, since two people may easily walk abreast. The outskirts of the city are rather ragged, both as to houses and people, and in this fringe the city's poor live in detached huts and houses—bad enough, but far better than the prevailing condition at the capital, where the poverty-stricken, frightfully unclean live crowded shoulder to shoulder.

The principal plaza of the town is a park of real beauty, with the refreshing shade of its great trees, and on it are situated an old cathedral, the primitive hand-pump fire department, and an open dining-pavilion.

There are three hospitals, including the military; a home for the indigent poor; a few fair schools; several clubs, at which Americans are very graciously received; a very pretty little theatre; several hotels and cafés, which are the best on the island; a library with a few rare books and many worthless ones; gas, electric light, and ice plants—all too small and defective; water-works, supplying an abundance of good potable water; thermal baths, of which few seem to avail themselves; and lastly, the only Protestant church in Puerto Rico.

The seaport of Ponce is La Playa, two miles away, which has a resident population of some 3500. It is the warehouse of Ponce, and is a great advance over San Juan, whose lack of storage facilities for incoming or outgoing merchandise is astounding, the materials often lying piled twenty feet high along the water-front, exposed to the weather.

The harbor proper has ample water for vessels drawing twenty-five feet, to within a few hundred yards of the shore, where it shoals so rapidly that few steamers venture nearly as close in as they might. A most serious shortcoming of this port—and it applies equally well to all the others—is the lack of a wharf. It is astonishing that, with an average annual trade aggregating some thirty millions of dollars, not a wharf has ever been constructed at any water-front in Puerto Rico, or even attempted, except at Mayaguez, where a partially built and defective structure is found.

Commercially Ponce ranks second, and, unless the trend of American enterprise should take an unexpected turn, it will in a few years be the greatest trade centre on the island. It has, in support of this assertion, the following elements: A good harbor, rather too open, but withal fairly protected, and wharfs can be economically constructed here, as elsewhere; the port town is admirably suited, in its location and in the buildings already on the ground, for handling a great commercial trade; Ponce is a delightful home for the merchant and business man, probably the most healthful one on the island at the present time; it has more good wagon-roads leading out to sections rich in coffee, sugar, cereals, fruit, and tobacco than any other town, as well as a railroad connecting it with the prolific Yauco district to the west; and finally it possesses, inherent in the population, more progressive business enterprise, as measured by American standards.

Mayaguez is the prettiest town, of the three large centres, in the lightness and grace of its architecture, which in Spanish towns is apt always to be heavy. It also has the broadest streets and the widest foot pavements, and is situated upon rounded rising ground which will permit of easy drainage. The population is estimated at about 12,000, and it is said that there is a greater percentage of white inhabitants than in any other town.

This city claims the honor of being nearest to the point where Columbus landed on island soil, and the inhabitants have, in consequence, erected a monument to his memory in the central plaza, which, in connection with the handsome stone rail surrounding the paved park, set with statuettes commemorative of this landing, forms a fitting tribute to the great discoverer.

There is not, in the town of Mayaguez, the same visible evidence of poverty in the hordes of ragged, tattered natives upon the streets, and the citizens claim that there are less distress and want; there are certainly, in the outskirts, fewer huts and hovels of the poor. This can be explained, to some extent, by the fact that Mayaguez is off the main artery of travel, and does not as readily catch the negroes from the little islands of the Lesser Antilles, who are each year drifting in greater numbers from their forlorn sea homes to Puerto Rico, in the hope that it holds out more material promise. Also, the great coffee districts, which reach almost to the city's edge, demand laborers for longer periods of the year, and, lastly, the rate of wages has been, for the past few years, slightly higher than elsewhere; a few centavos a day, where the usual wage is low, means a marvellous amelioration in the condition of the laboring-man.

While Mayaguez ranks third commercially, and supplies very little territory with imported merchandise, industrially or in the manufacturing of products it leads the other cities and gives steady employment to many men. There are four big coffee-mills, which convert the sun-dried coffee, brought over the trails from Mayaguez, Utuado, and Lares districts, into a fine export article by removing the second hull, bluing, and polishing. In exportation of this product it is second only to Ponce. This town also leads in the shipment of fruit abroad, principally to the United States.

It possesses a tannery of no small proportions, where they use the native wangli bark for tanning, and turn out an excellent leather, much used by local cobblers.

There are four concerns which produce a fine chocolate, much in demand for local and Spanish consumption.

The small industries are manufacturing straw hats, weaving baskets, making the native rush pack-saddles, and polishing and cutting tortoise-shell.

Mayaguez has much the best ice and electric-light plants on the island. Nine tons of ice a day is the maximum output. The water for the city is brought from a mountain torrent two miles away, in the foot-hills, and is good and abundant.

Again, it is the only town which has, as its great pride, a street railway. It is very narrow gauge, and the cars are tiny affairs, but it does excellent service.

The harbor has the misfortune of having a wide-open mouth seaward; in fact, it is no more than a great indenture in the coast-line, protected to some extent by a series of immense coral reefs, acting as a giant sea-wall and embaying the inner waters. Some years ago the construction of a steel wharf was begun, but, as before stated, it has never been completed. It is said that some eighty thousand pesos were expended in putting up what there is of the shaky structure, and if this is true, the project has much the air of a steal, as the iron-work and labor could not have cost, in America, over twenty thousand.

The municipal and other prominent buildings of the town are the alcalde's office, a fine barracks for soldiers, a substantial hospital for the military, the cathedral on the main plaza, a delightful little opera-house, and an excellent home for the aged and infirm. It has two fairly good hostelries, and a market-place which is ahead of the other towns in architecture and spaciousness. In the lower part of the city, near the theatre, is a fascinating little park, with an ornamental fountain, gorgeous foliage, and flowering plants, and the whole set off with royal palms. The charm of this town, which altogether is the most desirable of any as a place of residence, is much enhanced by the magnificent ceiba-trees, which tower from behind the white porticoed houses with far-reaching branches and leaves, and by the mass of flowering vines which overgrow the heavy masonry walls, or guard fantastic wicket-gates with their clinging sprays of white and pink flowers.

There are several casinos, and in most of them Americans will be welcome, though the Spanish club still holds aloof, their haughty spirit having been somewhat wounded, perhaps, by the way in which General Schwan scared their brave soldiers and sent them cantering through the city to the mountain wildernesses beyond.

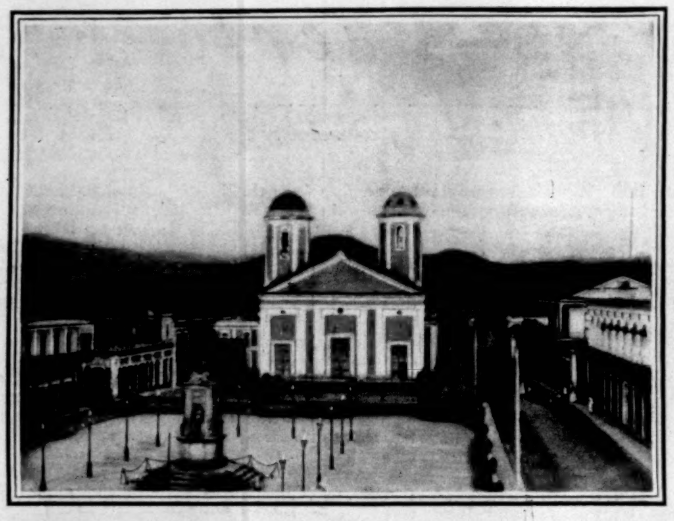
From a purely business stand-point, it is doubtful whether there are other cities on the island which are of any special interest to Americans, unless they intend to engage in the enterprises of tobacco-growing and coffee-raising, or the buying of these products.

Caguas is a dirty, unpleasant town of some five thousand people. There are no conveniences whatever which would tend to make a residence here desirable, and the sanitary condition of the streets is fearful.

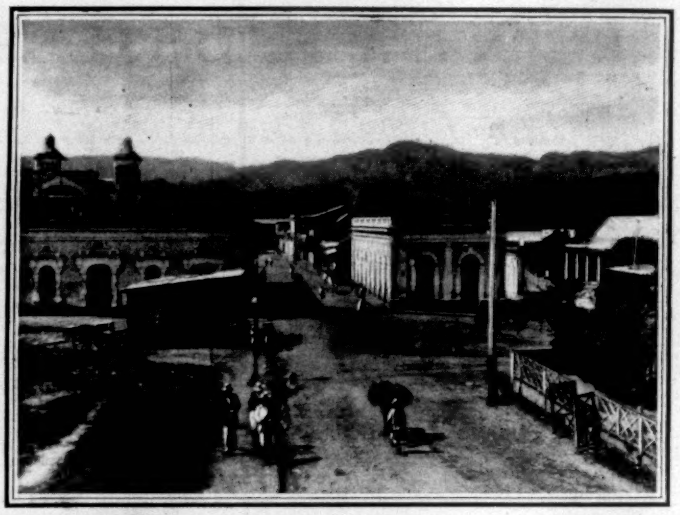
Cayey, on the other hand, while not being much in advance of Caguas, either in convenience or sanitation, is, from a distance, one of the most picturesque of towns, and its elevation of nearly two thousand feet causes the climate to be delightful. The best cigars are made here, by half a dozen Spanish firms. This is one of the places which will, through the possession of general advantages in location, climate, and fertile soil, develop into a very strong commercial city, and become a stopping-place for pleasure-seeking winter tourists. The town is really a half-way point between the two cities of San Juan and Ponce, and either is easily reached over the fine military road.

The only other interior town which stands out in the mind of the writer as deserving of mention is Lares, high in the mountains in the western end. It is almost inaccessible from the coast, as it lacks connection therewith, except over execrable trails. Lares is a busy, thriving little coffee town, of some two thousand inhabitants, and its very isolation seems to have warmed the hearts of the people to acts of hospitality toward the stranger who comes their way. It is in the very centre of a great coffee district, and many of the richest haciendas on the island are clustered in a radius of ten miles, tucked away in beauty spots of mountain wilderness and tropical luxuriance. There is perhaps no more desirable town in which to embark in the coffee business, and certainly no better region, all things considered, in which to become the owner of coffee land.

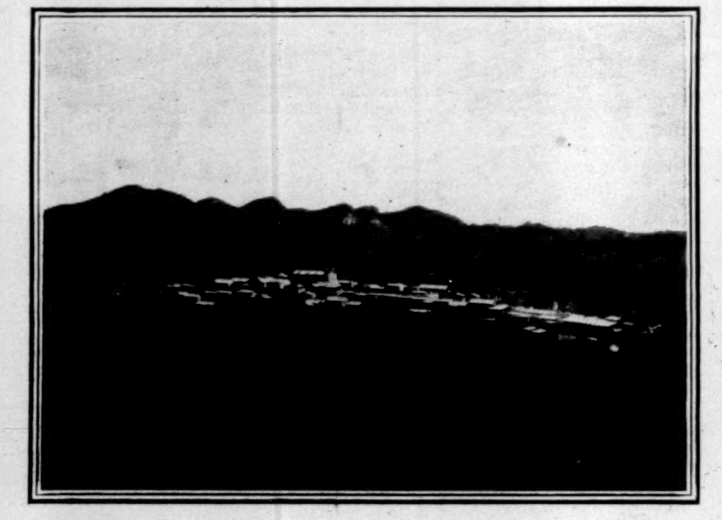
Most of the other coast towns and principal interior cities have been mentioned in other articles, but those which have been here described are the most suitable, in varying degree, for accessibility to harbors, business, and residence.



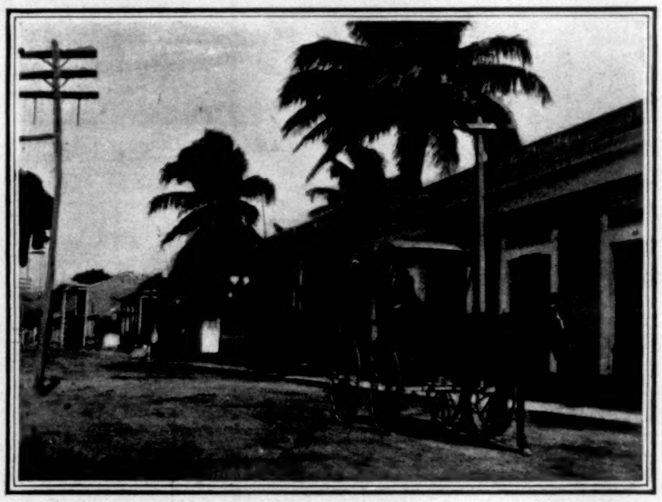
MAYAGUEZ—CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA DE COLOMBO.



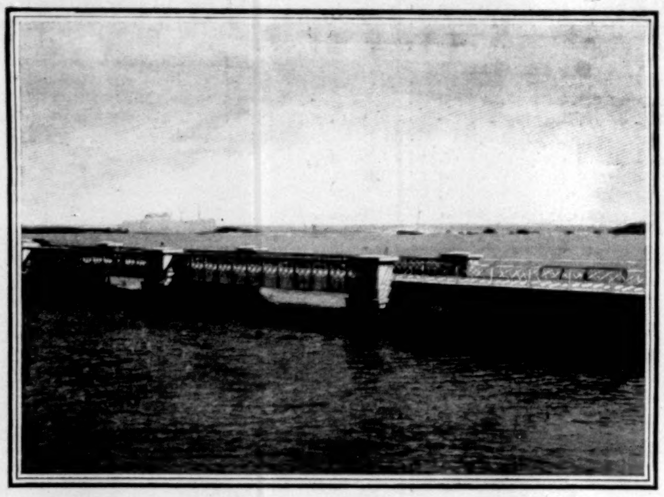
UTUADO—STREET SCENE.



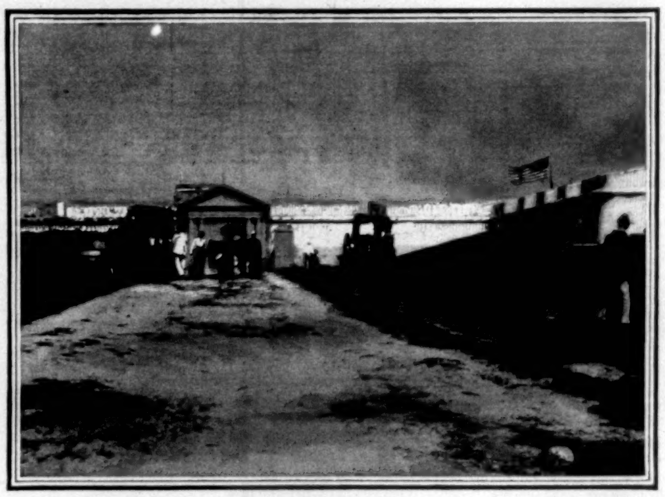
LARES, LOOKING NORTH.



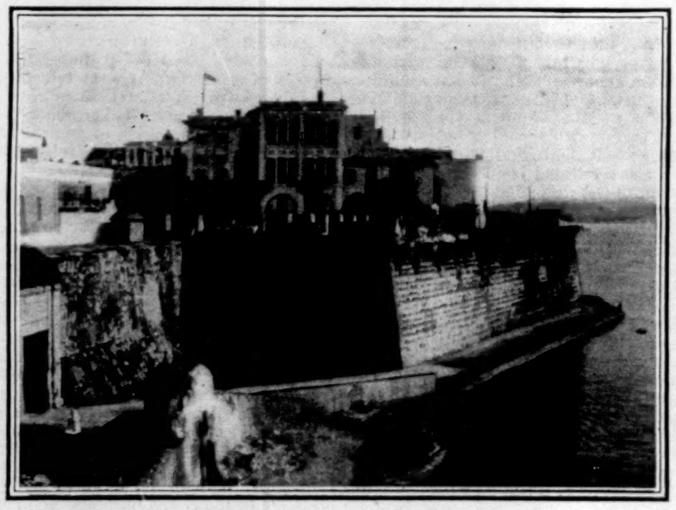
PONCE—STREET SCENE.



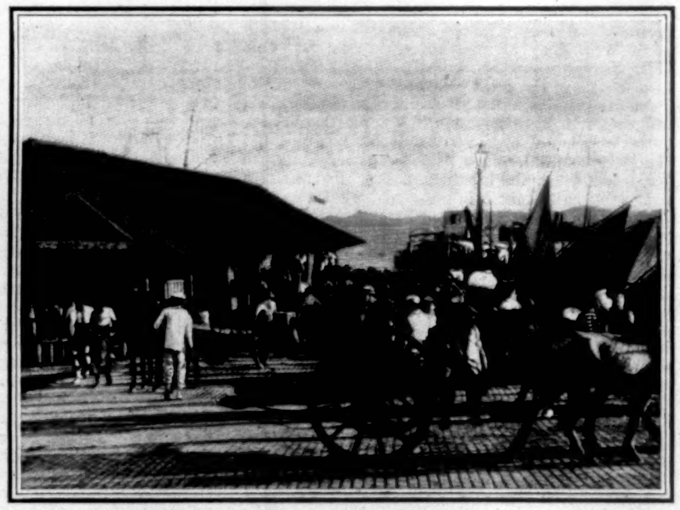
SAN JUAN—BRIDGE CONNECTING CITY WITH THE MAINLAND.



SAN JUAN—LANDWARD ENTRANCE TO MORRO CASTLE.



SAN JUAN—THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE.



SAN JUAN—ON THE WATER-FRONT.

PUERTO RICO—SCENES IN THE ISLAND'S PRINCIPAL TOWNS.

Photographs by William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 481.]

AMATEUR SPORT

PERHAPS the track-athletic season of 1899 may not develop so many new records as 1898 returned, but it will quite surpass all previous years in average of individual performance. There has not been a May, within my remembrance at least, which opened with such general athletic excellence as the first week of the present month disclosed. Apparently there is no end of first-class material. College training-grounds are literally overrun with it. In the sprints alone, seven men of exceptional quality come to mind as I write; six of them, I believe, are equal, under favoring conditions, to running 100 yards in 10 seconds; three of them will probably do so before the present season closes, and four of them are as likely to cover 220 yards in 22 seconds at the Inter-collegiate championships if in limb and weather all goes well. The middle distances have more genuinely strong men now than ever before. Only in such events as the broad jump, hurdles, and pole vault, where the world's-record holders—A. C. Kraenzlein and R. G. Clapp—leave no doubt of results, may conclusions of the season's forth-coming events be definitely foredrawn. To be sure, we severally have our opinions, our prejudices too, no doubt, as to possible winners; but the fact remains that there will be fewer of those impoverishing "sure things" at the Inter-collegiate championships this year than since the old Mott Haven days, when "sure things" were less frequent, if equally elusive.

A. C. KRAENZLEIN (PENN.) MAKING HIS WORLD-RECORD JUMP OF 24 FEET 3½ INCHES.

YALE has a fighting chance for victory in the dual track games with Harvard at New Haven next Saturday (13th), and will pursue it with desperate determination, for on the result of this year's meeting really depends possession of the University Track Athletic Cup. Eight years ago certain *alumni* of the two universities gave this cup, with the condition that it was finally to belong to the university scoring the most wins in nine successive years of team competition. Harvard has now four victories to her credit, and Yale three. Yale's success this year would tie the score, and make next year the decisive one, while Harvard's success next Saturday gives the crimson an advantage Yale cannot overcome. However it goes, the object of the donors has been accomplished in the splendid development of track athletics at the two universities. That was the purpose of the cup, and it has achieved its mission—especially at Yale, where, for several years preceding the first of the dual meets, the maintenance of track athletics depended on an occasional star, much tradition, and average performance that was scarcely above mediocrity. In those days Harvard's supremacy on the track was marked and invariable. The score of the first dual meet, for instance, was, Harvard, 85; Yale, 27! Undoubtedly another cup will take the place of the present one so soon as its ownership is settled, for the interest it arouses among students and *alumni* of the respective universities, and the work it incites on the athletic field, are too manifest and too beneficial to ignore.

ALTHOUGH, to my eye, Harvard looks like the winner, yet Yale's strength is so considerable as to provide at New Haven sufficient reason for undergraduate confidence of victory next Saturday. There probably never was an athletic meeting in which accidents, or the break-down of a counted point-winner, or the appearance of a "dark horse," did not materially influence conclusions in various events, if indeed not entirely change the complexion of the meeting. Such extreme results, however, happen less frequently in dual meets; it is in the Inter-collegiate championship where the unexpected is followed by radical readjustments.

I do not foresee any possibility in the Harvard-Yale meet so upsetting as to alter my opinion of the likely general result, though I see several things that might occur to bring the final scores much nearer than I now estimate—viz., a difference of about ten points at the finish in Harvard's favor. If any upset does come to shatter crimson hopes, it will be in the 100 yards and in the half-mile, and in such case Harvard could save herself from actual defeat only by visiting upon Yale an equally unexpected reverse in the one mile.

On the other hand, there are, too, Harvard possibilities of an accumulative nature that might slightly increase the disparity of scores, to Yale's disadvantage. I have no doubt a dozen differing conclusions could be, and in fact have been, figured out, for the approaching meet. One more or less will have no real effect on the actual result next Saturday, and meanwhile—it fills the long-felt collegiate want that demands these (to the author) joyless prophetic disquisitions.

C. J. Gleason. C. F. Luce.

ONE-MILE RELAY RACE—YALE, PENN., AND CHICAGO.

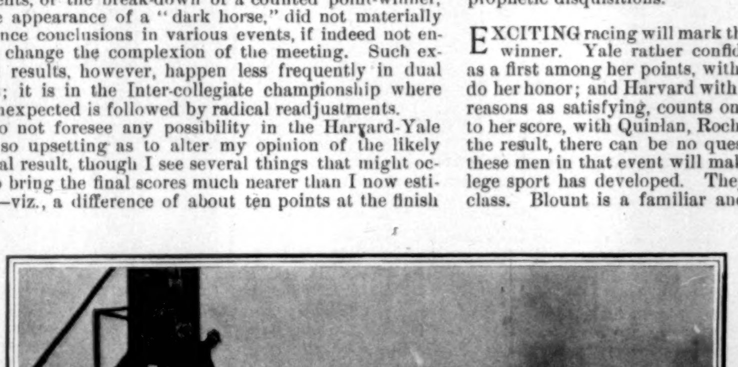
The second Relay starting, Yale leading.

EXCITING racing will mark the decision of the 100-yards winner. Yale rather confidently reckons this event as a first among her points, with Blount and Boardman to do her honor; and Harvard with equal confidence, and for reasons as satisfying, counts on adding these five points to her score, with Quinlan, Roche, and Green. Whatever the result, there can be no question that the meeting of these men in that event will make as stirring a race as college sport has developed. They are practically all of a class. Blount is a familiar and a dependable figure in Yale athletics; last year he ran second to Robinson of Harvard at the dual meet; this year, under superior handling, his form has bettered and his speed quickened. He may be considered a safe .10⅕ man, of whom better things are expected. Boardman is the Freshman who has recently been filling the athletic firmament at New Haven with all kinds of stars; at the Yale games he did a quarter in much lower time than published (.51⅗), and, with the wind on his back, ran 220 yards in 21⅗ seconds. What he can do in the 100 he has not yet shown, but no doubt exists that he will run very close to even time.

At the Harvard games Quinlan, Roche, and Green finished the 100 yards with less than two feet between first and third, and in time officially given as 10 seconds, the slowest of the three watches recording 10⅕. Now while the slowest watch was perhaps the most accurate recorder, yet it sufficiently indicates what may be expected of men capable of such good work so early in the season. And the same may be said of the Yale sprinters in their games the preceding week.

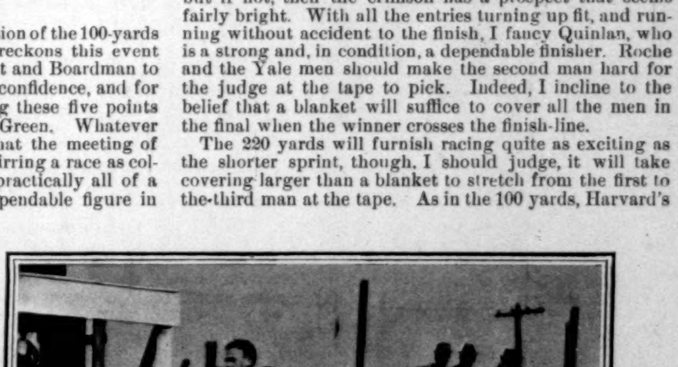
QUINLAN is the former Fordham College sprinter, who is in his second year in the Law School, and his first representing Harvard. He has always been a strong, improving runner, believed, at his best, a consistent even-time performer. Two years ago his leg gave out, and again last year he broke down after having gone his distance in 10 seconds. Roche (captain) too has always been a sprinter from whom much was expected, and who gave excellent promise of fulfilling the hope of his university. But two years ago he broke down at 90 yards in the dual meet with Pennsylvania (at Cambridge) when leading by two feet Hoffman (Penn.), who won in even time. Last year he could not get going, but this year no evidence of weakness is apparent. If either of these men break down at New Haven, Harvard's chance for the 100 will be lost; but if not, then the crimson has a prospect that seems fairly bright. With all the entries turning up fit, and running without accident to the finish, I fancy Quinlan, who is a strong and, in condition, a dependable finisher. Roche and the Yale men should make the second man hard for the judge at the tape to pick. Indeed, I incline to the belief that a blanket will suffice to cover all the men in the final when the winner crosses the finish-line.

The 220 yards will furnish racing quite as exciting as the shorter sprint, though, I should judge, it will take covering larger than a blanket to stretch from the first to the third man at the tape. As in the 100 yards, Harvard's



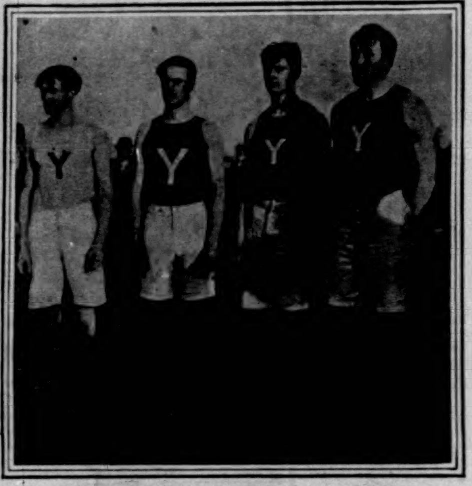
Tewkesbury. Mulligan (Georgetown). Warren (Yale).

J. W. B. TEWKESBURY (PENN.) WINNING THE 120 FLAT IN 12 SEC.



Remington. Hutchinson.

TAKING THE LAST HURDLE IN THE 120-YARD EVENT.



C. J. Gleason. T. R. Fisher, 2d. D. Boardman. C. F. Luce.

YALE'S WINNING ONE-MILE RELAY TEAM.

fastest man, it seems to me, in the 220 is Quinlan, whom I expect, under favorable conditions, to run close to 22 seconds. But unless all previous performances have been untrustworthy, Yale ought to take the first and second places in this event with Boardman and Fisher. There is no telling what Boardman may do; he may run a great race and finish inside even time, or he may not be one, two, three. Seasoning and experience count for a great deal in these important meets. Of Fisher, however, we can be perfectly certain that he will run a game, heady race from start to finish, and that, if the weather conditions are at all favorable, he will do 22 seconds. Quinlan is the only Harvard man with a chance of beating him out (although Green is coming), but I must see it done to have my faith in Fisher shaken.

UNLESS Burke toes the scratch very fit, Harvard is not likely to get even a point in the quarter. It will undoubtedly take a performance under 50 seconds to capture that event, and Burke, who has been suffering from some stomach trouble, has as yet given no indication of ability to even equal that, not to mention approaching his best form. It would seem wise to save Burke for the less gruelling half-mile, in which Yale is not so strong, and yet, judged by recent work, apparently too strong for Harvard without Burke as the crimson's main dependence.

Yale's quarter men—Boardman, Fisher, Luce, Gleason, Ordway, Dupee—are an enduring, speedy lot. Against Pennsylvania, the first four, in the one-mile relay race, did 3.24⅘, which yields an average of .51⅕ to a man, and of course one or more of the four undoubtedly ran inside of 51 seconds. Boardman is the fastest of the four, and will make a record of 49 seconds before the season's end if he does not do it on Saturday. Fisher ran a dead heat in 51 seconds with Fish (Harvard) in the dual games last year, and has rounded into such form this spring as to assure his doing several fifths of a second better this year. Luce is good for 51 seconds.

BESIDES Burke, Harvard has Fish, Winslow, and Clerk; but the first two only may be considered in the running, and it is rather a question, if Burke is not at top form and Fish only equals his own best, whether the crimson has a chance for a single point against Boardman, Fisher, and Luce.

The situation is more even in the half-mile, and more comforting to Harvard. Unless Burke has been completely winded in the quarter, he should win the half if he is in any kind of condition. And the poorer his condition, the more steadfast the conviction that the crimson team will profit by his remaining out of the quarter. It will not do for Harvard to misdirect any energy in the quarter and half mile; the loss of both those events and of a few expected points in the sprints might easily lose Harvard the meet.

Yale's half-milers—Brennan, Adams, Scudder, Poynter—while not so speedy a group as her quarter-milers, are decidedly more than a good average lot at this writing, and are gaining in speed as the season advances. They had a very easy win against Pennsylvania in the two-mile race of half-mile relays, and yet averaged 2 m. 2⅕ s. per half-mile to the man. Of the Harvard string, next to Burke are Bush and Draper; and as between the last two and Brennan and Adams, there is so little to choose that it must be brought out by a race. Brennan has been doing some very good work in practice, and seems a coming man.

YALE'S advantage appears to come again in the mile event, in which she has a group of first-class men in Spitzer, Smith, Speer, Clyde, and Chittenden—all of whom have been well tried out this spring. The relay team had so little incentive to fast work at Philadelphia in the Pennsylvania relay races that it made no showing commensurate with its ability. Harvard's mile men are Clerk, White, Mills, and Foote, and the two teams would make a close, interesting race. In fact, a relay-team race between Harvard and Yale for one, two, and four miles would be an exciting series, with the winner very hard to pick.

Last year in the dual games Grant (Harvard) won the mile in 4.26⅕, with Spitzer and Clerk second and third, less than a yard apart, in 4.29⅕. Grant has been graduated, and this year Spitzer and Clerk, who are in about their '98 form, will make a close, hard struggle for the honor, with Smith or one of the other of Yale's several good ones in third place.

Harvard is so much stronger than Yale in the hurdles as to be overwhelming. In the 120 yards—for the crimson there are Fox, who can better .15⅗, Hallowell, and Goddard; while for the blue there is only Fincke, who should be well satisfied with third place. Yale is so weak in the low hurdles that there is none in the class with Harvard's trio—Converse, Morse, Hallowell—who are all equal to doing .25⅗.

POINTS will all go Yale's way in the pole vault, even more certainly, for with R. G. Clapp holding the world's record at 11 ft. 10 in., Johnson with a record of 11 ft. 6 in., and Selin doing 11 ft. 3 in., the blue has an unbeatable group. Harvard's best are Prouty, Barnes, Brooks, and Burton, good for from 10 ft. to 10 ft. 3 in. Things go Harvard's way again in the running broad jump, with Daly doing 22 ft. 3 in.; Harrington, 21 ft. 6 in.; Edgell, 21 ft. 4½ in., and Harris 21 ft. 3½ in. Berger, who won third for Yale last year in the dual games with 21 ft. 8½ in., has recently recovered from typhoid, and will not, of course, be fit, and, of those remaining, Cheney has done 21 ft. 7 in., and Clapp 21 ft. 5 in.

So too in the high jump Yale is unfortunate. Waller, her best performer, served his country in Cuba as a Rough Rider last year, and has not yet shaken out of his system the wretched malarial fever which seized upon so many of those who fought before Santiago. His record is 6 ft. 2 in., but he has not come within several inches of that mark this season. It is exceedingly doubtful if he can pull into shape by Saturday, and Harvard has a formidable array in Morse, 6 ft. 1 in.; Rice, 6 ft. ½ in.; Ellis, 6 ft.; Roche, 6 ft. 1¾ in.; Ferguson, 5 ft. 10½ in.—some of whom may do better. Under the circumstances, if Yale gets a point she will be lucky, though Waller's recuperation would change the situation quickly.

In the weight events Yale prospects appear to depend largely on the development of material that gives no present indication of attaining distinction. In the shot O'Donnell, who won with 40 ft. 6 in. last year, is not entered; but Francis, who is said to be doing quietly the best work of the candidates, is nearing the 40-foot mark, and there is none other who has surpassed 38 ft., though some expect to do greater things. Harvard has E. H. Clark, 40 ft. 4½ in.; Ellis, 40 ft. 1 in.; Brown, 39 ft. 4½ in.; and Heath, 37 ft. 9½ in.

Boal, the 'varsity football guard, is Harvard's most promising hammer-thrower, with a record of 138 ft. 6½ in. Clark has to his credit 127 ft.; Hennen, 125 ft.; and Ellis, 118 ft. Yale's best man, Sutphen, who won third in the dual meet last year with 121 ft., is out, but Marshall is reported as good. Thus we see that Harvard may be said to be sure of the hurdles, hammer, and broad jump, and Yale absolutely certain of the pole vault. The great struggles of the day will be in the running events, and neither university may be said to hold any one of them safe. Harvard has the more evenly developed, better all-round team.

PENNSYLVANIA'S annual relay races furnish some explanation of the high average of individual performance, which the present season appears to be accentuating more than any year that has gone before. When we see twoscore teams of schoolboys running in what would have been considered college form a few years ago, it is easy to understand the present general high standard at the universities. Aside from providing most interesting racing, these relay meetings develop an athletic spirit, such as no other track events can. Pennsylvania has been a sportsmanly pioneer in this direction, and, if I mistake not, the university will reap handsomely, as it deserves to, of the seed it has sown.

In 1895, when Pennsylvania held its first relay meeting, the entries were drawn from about nine colleges and twelve to fifteen schools; this year (April 29, on Franklin Field) there were entries from twenty-two colleges and forty-four schools. And the significant thought is that these college and school teams this year represented the athletic flower of about 30,000 young men and 12,000 boys! That so many schools should send teams is not of itself remarkable, considering the spreading and deepening interest in athletics, but the showing of these teams was so good as to be genuinely surprising. It takes a good boy, or man, to run a quarter-mile at top pace and hold his form to the last. Yet in the large majority of cases the boys in Pennsylvania's relay races not only held their form, but made exceedingly good time.

SPEED in schoolboy teams, in my judgment, has less bearing on the future than the form they reveal. I should be sorry to see young boys pushed to greater pace in the quarter than they now show; the result would be harmful. But the form may be developed so that as years give strength it can be used to the limit without fear of overdoing—the chief difficulty to guard against in training growing boys.

Already there is speed enough in these schools. Hill School, in winning the one-mile "preparatory and high-school championship" from South Jersey with four quarter relays, did it in 3 m. 35⅗ s., which bettered by one second the time Georgetown's seasoned team made in defeating Western Pennsylvania University, and only six seconds slower than Columbia's fast team recorded in defeating Cornell. Penn Charter was another team that ran in excellent form—in fact, I think, showed about the best form of any school team on the field.

Of the smaller colleges, Dickinson, which, I observe, has the ex-Carlisle School football-player Cayou, put forth a well-trained team of very fair form, that defeated Bucknell in 3 m. 37⅗ s. University of New York made even a better showing, winning from Haverford in 3 m. 35⅗ s.; and Georgetown's team ran in as good form as the best on the grounds.

BETWEEN Yale and Pennsylvania the two and four mile relay championship races were too one-sided to be interesting. Yale outclassed her rival, and won easily in 8 m. 10½ s. and 18 m. 39 s. The one-mile relay championship between these two and Chicago was more evenly contested. Though Yale took the lead at once, and had a couple of yards to the good at the start of the second relay, Kraenzlein's inability to finish lost Pennsylvania too much to make up. Tewkesbury, Pennsylvania's fourth relay, started ten yards behind Yale, and was run off his feet trying to make up the handicap. Even had Kraenzlein finished out, Yale must have won; her team is stronger than Pennsylvania's—time, 3 m. 24⅘ s. Chicago was a fair third. Next to this event, the most exciting race was that won by Columbia from Cornell and Lehigh, and the time, 3 m. 29 s., suggests the quality of the winning team's work.

Of the special running events, the most notable was Tewkesbury's 120 yards in 12 sec., within one-fifth of Wefers's world's record, which very likely the Pennsylvanian will equal before the year is out. Hutchinson (Princeton) and Remington (Pennsylvania) made a pretty race of the high hurdles, the former winning out on the run to the tape. But the event of the day was Kraenzlein's remarkable broad-jumping. He made three jumps, 23 ft. 11 in., 23 ft. 11¼ in., and 24 ft. 3½ in., all beating the American record, and the last supplanting the world's record of 24 ft. ½ in. Prinstein, who held the American record of 23 ft. 8⅞ in., was second with only 23 ft. 2½ in.

"Only 23 ft. 2½ in."! A few years ago we thought that distance unattainable. A lively age this.

As usual with these Pennsylvania meetings, the management was perfect. If only college managers generally would profit by the example!

BASEBALL is not sufficiently advanced in the college season to permit of conclusive comment. The nines are just settling after the preliminary work, which tries out candidates and shakes the teams together. Thus far none of the nines has shown any signs that point to future heavy batting, but the work of the majority suggests there will be little to criticise in the fielding. The scarcity of errors throughout the April schedules was notable and encouraging for a first-class quality of ball in the latter end of the season. Nor is the lack of batting due to a higher average of skill than is found usually in the pitcher's box. Yale has been doing most hitting so far, and seems to have material for a nine of all-round fielding and batting strength when it has steadied a bit. Her showing against Georgetown and Holy Cross disclosed possession of three or four men in the middle of the batting list who will do some good work so soon as they get their eye in. In the box the present outlook is not so encouraging.

The best-played college game to date, however, was the first of the Princeton-Cornell series. Princeton won the game, 3-0, through Hillebrand's control of the ball, aided by really brilliant work of the second-base man and excellent fielding by the team generally. Her one run in the first inning Princeton earned, but the other two in the second came through gifts of first base and errors. Thereafter Cornell's pitcher steadied, and for the remaining six innings better ball has seldom been played by college nines in April. Only one hit was made off Hillebrand, and while Princeton made seven off Young, none the less Cornell has reason to view the future hopefully.

Pennsylvania is perhaps somewhat behind the others in development, owing to discouraging experiences in filling the pitcher's box. The practice of April was rather poor, but the showing against Cornell (6-4) and Lehigh (8-7) was a great improvement, and ought to make Pennsylvania feel better, since Lehigh, it will be recalled, had, a few days before, beaten Princeton (5-4).

S. B. Chittenden, Jr. C. B. Spitzer. J. P. Clyde. H. P. Smith.

THE YALE FOUR-MILE RELAY TEAM.

HARVARD and Princeton will meet next Saturday (13th) at Princeton for the first of their series, and in what is really the opening game of the college season. It ought to be a very close, interesting struggle, with chances of victory somewhat favoring Princeton. Not that Princeton hits the ball more frequently or harder—for, judged by their work in April, the two are about evenly matched in that respect—but Princeton has thus far put much more life and determination into her general work. There has been more snap in her fielding, and more skill and spirit in her base-running. Besides which Princeton has a pitcher with greater command of the ball and a longer experience in his position. Behind the bat the two teams are equally well and ably represented by Kafer and Reid.

Harvard's team-work has been excellent, the men backing up one another quickly, and at all times the nine has played really very good ball; the one urgently needed factor however has been and is steam. On the other hand, Princeton has shown periods of very slovenly play that have been costly; and in a close exciting finish Harvard, I fancy would not be so likely as Princeton to drift into erratic play. I look for a pitcher's battle at Princeton on Saturday; and though Hillebrand has shown greater strength, Morse has given promise, and is likely to keep Princeton's batsmen guessing.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"FUR AND FEATHER TALES."—BY HAMBLEN SEARS.—ILLUSTRATED.—8VO, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $1 75.—HARPER & BROTHERS

Aguinaldo's Indians

IMPORTANT evidence bearing upon the question of responsibility for the outbreak of hostilities in the Philippines on February 4 comes to the WEEKLY as a part of the correspondence sent with the drawing by Mr. G. W. Peters, which is an interesting feature of this issue. It will be seen that even the most brutal of the auxiliaries in Aguinaldo's army were informed of the intention to supply them with "all the American heads they could carry home" long before the attack was begun or war declared.

Looking from his prison window in the town of Caloocan, on the first day of February, Mr. Peters made the sketch from which he afterwards drew the picture reproduced on pages 478 and 479; but, unfortunately for him, this was not his closest contact with the Igorrotes. A score of these savages, fully armed, and with their naked bodies painted in various colors, forced their way into his cell in the Caloocan prison, where for several hours they practised on him the preliminary motions in their favorite methods of putting enemies to death. This was, of course, in the nature of a rehearsal, but there seemed at the time no sufficient reason for believing that the performance would be long delayed. The "twenty howling savage devils," to adopt the phrase used by our correspondent, were dancing about him for hours, now touching him with the points of their spears, now threatening to cut him down with their machetes, and again swinging their terrible *ligua* (a kind of battle-axe or tomahawk) so that its keen edge barely grazed his neck. Then followed an unmistakable representation of thrusting the long point of the axe into the occiput and carrying away the head in triumph. Mr. Peters thinks it probable that they would have killed him, but for the opportune arrival of a Filipino captain. This native officer was, as regards his personal appearance, scarcely more attractive or reassuring than the confessed savages; but, after drawing his sword, brandishing it before the artist's face, and uttering threats against Americans as a class, he proceeded to advise the Igorrotes not to kill the prisoner forthwith, but to wait for a little while; and he promised them that they should have all the American heads they could carry home as soon as war was declared—which would be in a few days.

After this ordeal Mr. Peters was taken to Malolos, at that time the capital of the Filipino government, where he was again imprisoned, and informed that he might expect to be condemned as a spy. Many friends interceded for him, however, and with the aid of General Otis his release was effected on the day before hostilities commenced.

The Igorrotes are masters as yet on the western coast of Luzon just above the gulf of Lingayen. They have been made the theme of a good deal of descriptive writing recently, but nothing which has yet reached us seems more worthy of attention than the direct observations of our correspondent who saw Aguinaldo's recruits from this little-known region at Caloocan—perhaps some of the men who were given "a post of honor" in front of an American battery on February 5.

The name *Indios*, somewhat loosely applied to natives of various classes in the central and southern groups, as well as in the great northern island, may contain a suggestion with more significance than appears at first glance. Compare the article on "Philippine Ethnology" in this issue.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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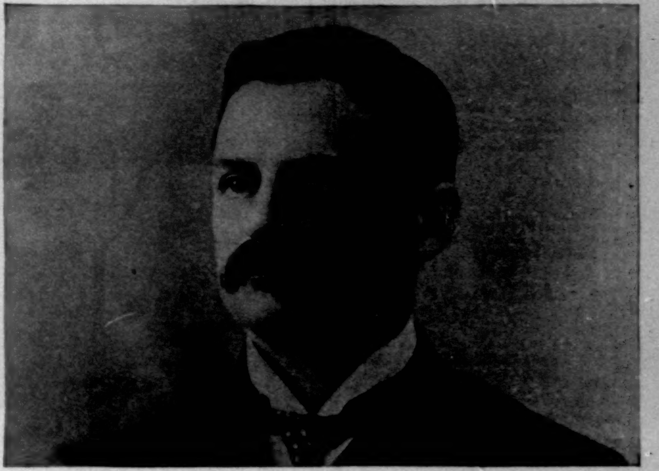

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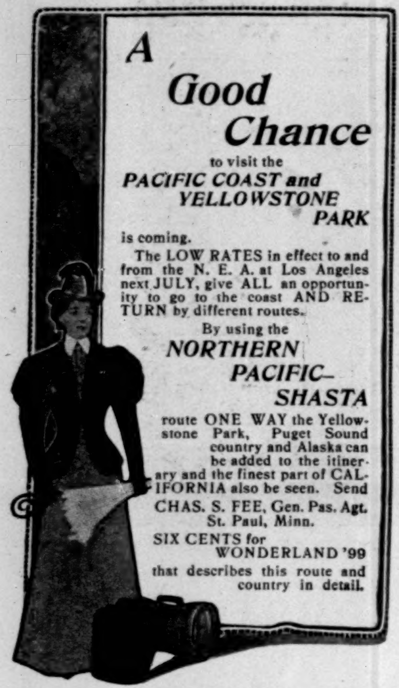

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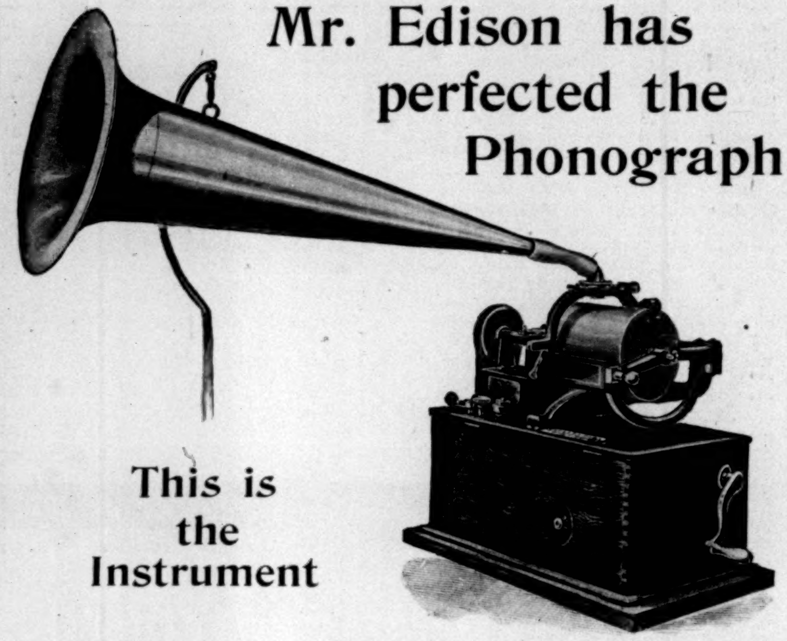

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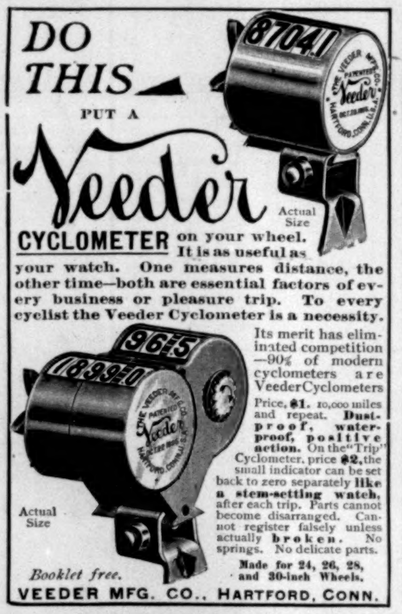

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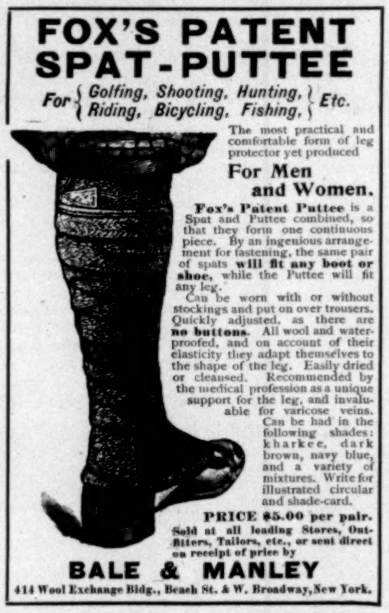

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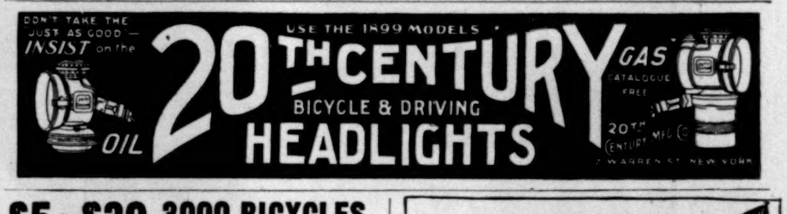

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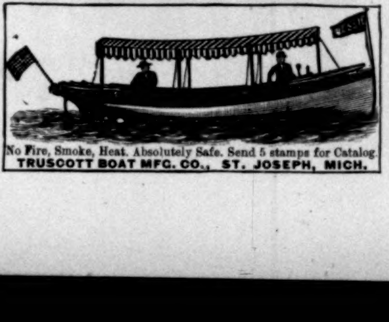

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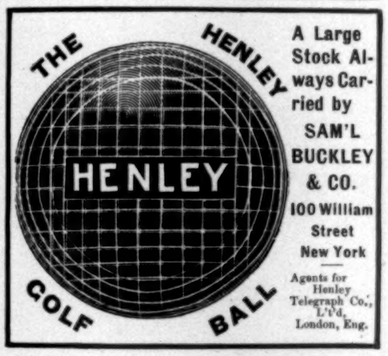

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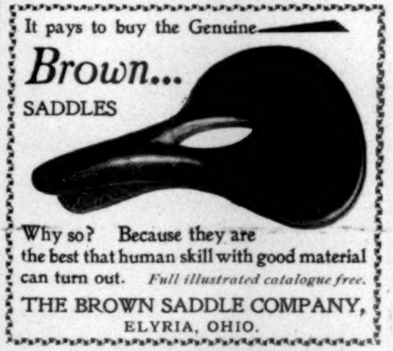

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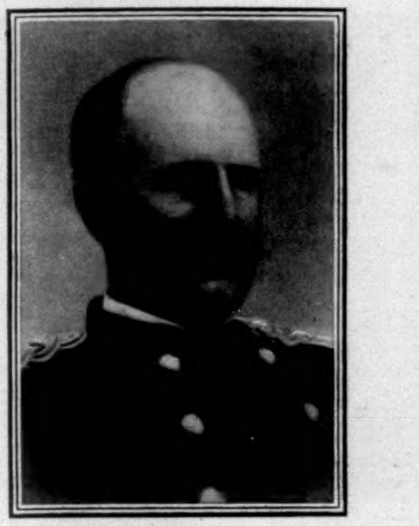


CAPT. C. M. ROCKEFELLER, U. S. A.,
Supposed to be a Prisoner of the Filipino Insurgents.

Philippine Ethnology

A SIMPLE classification of the Philippine Archipelago's population may be made with the assistance of the accompanying ethnographic map:

1. The Moros, or Sulus (Mohammedan Malays) occupy the small southern islands, the southern and western coasts of Mindanao, and the southern extremity of Palawan. Their capital is Sulu. As for their number, the estimate in the *Nouveau Dictionnaire de Géographie Universelle*, by M. Vivien de Saint-Martin, is 200,000 to 300,000.

2. The islands of the central group are inhabited chiefly by Visayans (Roman Catholic Malays). Of the Visayans proper there are about 2,500,000; but if we include the cognate tribes scattered from Northeastern Mindanao to Mindoro and the Calamianes Islands, the total number is probably much greater.

3. The Tagals, Tagalogs, or Tagalos (Roman Catholic Malays), from whom Aguinaldo has drawn the larger part of his forces, inhabit central Luzon. Their number is uncertain, though for the present we may accept Saint-Martin's estimate—1,200,000.

4. Tribes of Malays, which are numerically of less importance, are not always clearly distinguished from Tagalogs and Visayans—*e. g.*, the Ilocanos, Pampangos, and Zambales of northern and western Luzon, the Bicols (or Vicols) in the extreme southeast of Luzon and in adjacent islands, the Subanos of southern Cebu, etc.

5. Non-Malayan savages, remnants of an earlier population which was displaced by the Malays, are widely scattered, and the common name "Indonésiens" is given to these tribes by the writers, who regard them as representatives of a race which the Malays drove into the mountains, somewhat as Saxon displaced Celt in the British Isles. That famous band of the Igorrotes who trusted to charms and bows and arrows in the battle of February 5 were of this class. The accompanying map shows the names of a dozen different tribes in northern Luzon alone, with others in central Mindanao, northern Panay, and Negros, etc. Little reliance can be placed upon the estimates of the total number of "Indonésiens" who have never consented to stand and be counted. As an approximation, some of the authorities have suggested 300,000 or 400,000. It is only proper to state that Professor Brinton rejects the "Indonésien theory," and prefers to teach that the tribes of mountain and forest and the stormy eastern coast are not a distinct race, but represent crossings of Malayan with Chinese or Negrito blood.

6. Of the aborigines called Negritos (little Blacks), or Aetas, only 10,000 or 20,000 remain. They are "as near an approach to primitive man as can anywhere be found," says Professor Brinton; and they are so far inferior in physique and intelligence to the civilized or semi-civilized Malay or "Indonésien" that they seem destined to disappear altogether before long. Traces of immigration from the large islands which lie southeast and southwest of the Philippines are rather obscure; but Waitz, in his *Anthropologie der Naturvölker* (vol. v., map by Dr. Ernst Gerland), called attention to Papuans—natives of New Guinea and the Papuan Archipelago—in Mindanao and Palawan. The Battas, or Battaks, in Palawan bear witness to a migration from equatorial Sumatra.

7. At or near the principal ports are about 100,000 Chinese, and perhaps 15,000 whites—not including General Otis's army!

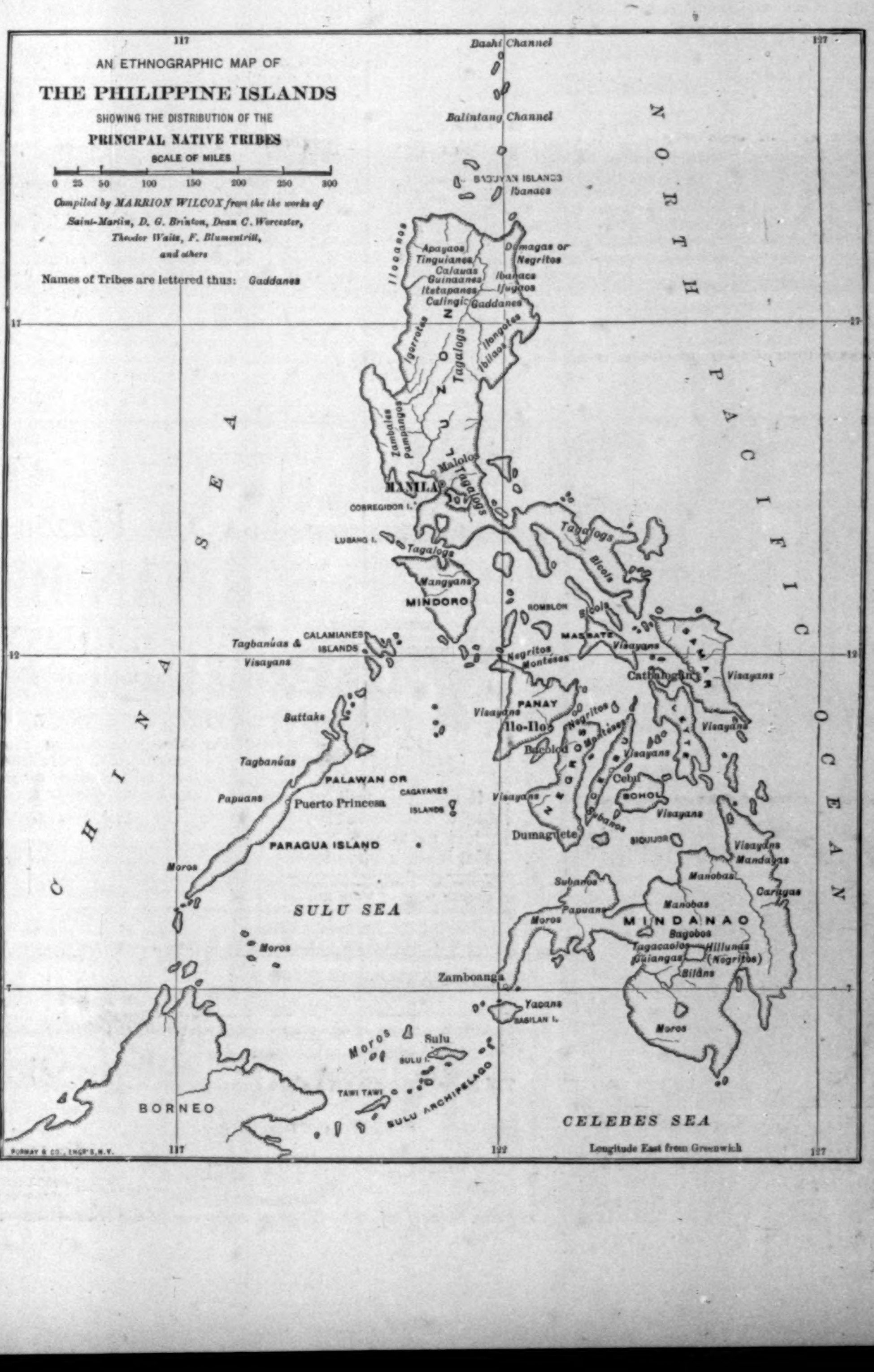
The present distribution of the native tribes has evidently been occasioned by successive waves of invasion. The aboriginal Aetas (Negritos), as a less vigorous branch of the human family, were unable to resist attacks from restless and progressive neighbors. The first people from the mainland to appear as conquerors on a large scale may have been the so-called Indonésiens; but these in turn were displaced, in the more desirable portions of the archipelago, by hordes of Asiatics coming from the Malay Peninsula by way of Borneo—the first incursion being led by Tagals, and the second by Visayans. The third and last wave of Malay invasion culminated about the middle of the sixteenth century, not far from the time when the Spaniards arrived upon the scene and established themselves in the Visayas and Luzon. And so these new Malay invaders—pirates, indomitable fighters, daring sea-rovers—brought Mohammedanism to the archipelago at the very time when the Spaniards were bringing Christianity. It was a renewal in the Far East of the old strife of the Crescent against the Cross, which had then but recently come to an end in Spain itself by the expulsion of the last of the Moors. Accordingly the Spanish adventurers in the Philippines dubbed the Mohammedan Malays "Moros" (that is, Moors), and "Moros" they are called to this day.

Interesting descriptions of the Igorrotes, who are referred to in the fifth paragraph, have just reached the WEEKLY from correspondents in Manila.

The Igorrotes are tall, robust, and well proportioned, we are told. Their skin is brown, their hair is black, straight, and very thick, cut short over the forehead, and hanging loose over back and shoulders. They have high and vertical foreheads; large, black, expressive eyes (sometimes with a slight inward tendency); prominent noses with broad nostrils; and large thick-lipped mouths. Nearly all have naturally smooth faces; a few, however, wear beards. Clothing for the body they frankly dispense with, but head ornaments are common, especially with their chiefs. The usual adornment of the head is a double ring of bamboo, from which project cocks' feathers or the plumage of other birds. Their weapons of offence are a long spear, a large machetelike knife, and the battle-axe. For defence they carry a wooden shield and a charm (their *ang-ting ang-ting*) to ward off the enemy's missiles. In time of war they paint their bodies and faces. Our North-American Indians so thoroughly interpret to us this type of humanity (with the battle-axe shrunken to the tomahawk, the head-hunting to a scalp-taking, and similar adaptations) that we shall presently hear of a Pacific discovery of America, and maybe find that some of our present hostiles are blood-relations to the poor foes of the Pilgrims and Puritans. In all the Philippines, these Igorrotes are the only people who use the *ligua*, the head of which is about one-eighth of an inch thick, four and one-half inches wide, and eight inches long—its cutting-edge so sharp that one swinging or horizontal blow suffices to decapitate an enemy. A four-inch projection opposite the blade is designed to carry the head of the victim. The handle is of wood, and about two feet long.

The editor of the *Dictionnaire de Géographie Universelle* estimates the total population of the archipelago at about 9,000,000, but fails to give convincing reasons for this opinion. In view of the statements which have been repeated day after day for the last ten months, that the Philippines support a population of 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 persons, it may not seem that our question is too pointed if we ask, How is this information derived? A little scrutiny of the figures given in the foregoing paragraphs will show that perhaps 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 have been accounted for. Within a limited area, conditions which allow half a million of people to live by hunting are not usually such as to allow 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 more to live by agriculture and commerce. Why, then, does it seem probable that the population of the Philippines is so dense? How has it been possible to secure trustworthy information on this head?

MARRION WILCOX.


AN ETHNOGRAPHIC MAP OF
THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
SHOWING THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE
PRINCIPAL NATIVE TRIBES
SCALE OF MILES
0 25 50 100 150 200 250 300
Compiled by MARRION WILCOX from the the works of Saint-Martin, D. G. Brinton, Dean C. Worcester, Theodor Waitz, F. Blumentritt, and others
Names of Tribes are lettered thus: Gaddanes
Bashi Channel
Balintang Channel
BABUYAN ISLANDS
Ibanaes
Ilocanos
Apayaos
Tinguianes
Calauas
Guinaanes
Itetapanes
Calingis
Damagas or Negritos
Ibanaes
Ifugaos
Gaddanes
Igorrotes
Tagalogs
Ilongotes
Ibilaos
LUZON
Zambales
Pampangos
Malolos
Tagalogs
MANILA
CORREGIDOR I.
LUBANG I.
Tagalogs
Tagalogs
Bicols
Bicols
Mangyans
MINDORO
ROMBLON
MASBATE
Visayans
Tagbanúas & Visayans
CALAMIANES ISLANDS
Negritos
Montéses
SAMAR
Catbalogan
Visayans
PANAY
Visayans
Ilo-Ilo
Negritos
Montéses
Bacolod
NEGROS
LEYTE
Visayans
Visayans
Battaks
Tagbanúas
PALAWAN OR
Papuans
Puerto Princesa
CAGAYANES ISLANDS
PARAGUA ISLAND
Visayans
CEBU
Cebu
BOHOL
Visayans
Subanos
Dumaguete
SIQUIJOR
Visayans
Mandayas
Manobas
Caragas
Moros
SULU SEA
Subanos
Papuans
Moros
Manobas
MINDANAO
Bagobos
Tagacaolos
Hillunas (Negritos)
Guiangas
Bilâns
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CAPT. M. G. KRAVENBUHL, U. S. V.,
Lieutenant, 3d Artillery. Mortally Wounded at Malinta, March 26. Died March 28.

LONDON

April 22, 1899.

TWO primrose days have occurred this week. On April 19 Lord Beaconsfield's memory was kept green, and the national stock of primroses was further diminished to do honor to the strange creature who understood the English character so well as to play on it as a great maestro plays on the violin. Radicals are afflicted that the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death is still observed by the nation, while the political influence of the greatest light of the Liberal party, only extinguished last year, has already practically disappeared. Primroses were seen everywhere—in the streets, in the theatres, in the House of Commons, on peers and crossing-sweepers—

everywhere except at funerals. The only reference Lord Beaconsfield in life ever made to the primrose was in *Lothair*, where St. Aldegonde says it makes a good salad. The simple reason why Lord Beaconsfield's name is still honored, nearly a score of years after his death, is that he flattered the pride of the English by methods that appealed both to their pockets and to their imaginations. He bought the Suez Canal shares "at slaughter prices," a transaction that was at the same time regarded as a piece of spirited foreign policy. He stopped Russia at the walls of Constantinople, and translated the dull prejudices of the man in the street into dramatic realities at a reasonable cost. Every statesman who has struck the imperial note since Lord Beaconsfield's disappearance has acquired and maintains popularity.

LORD ROSEBERY was not remarkable for strength or continuity of purpose when Prime Minister, but has nevertheless acquired the respect and confidence of the English people to an extent little suspected by superficial observers. This was shown on the 20th of April, also a primrose day, when Lady Peggy Primrose, Lord Rosebery's second daughter, was married to the Earl of Crewe in Westminster Abbey, amid surroundings of extraordinary brilliance and distinction. The most interesting feature of the day was the popular reception given to Lord Rosebery by the enormous crowds that lined the streets. It was not to be accounted for only by the fact of his daughter's wedding, but is to be attributed to the belief in the public mind that in Lord Rosebery we have a possible Prime Minister who will not allow the honor and interests of England to be whittled away. The reception of Lord Rosebery, as he drove with his young daughter from Berkeley Square to Westminster Abbey, was almost royal in its hearty enthusiasm, and is a political symptom not to be mistaken or ignored.

LORD SALISBURY'S measured neglect of national prejudices continues to occupy public attention. Things are not going well in China, and anxiety is felt as to the failure of the recent attempt to come to an understanding with Russia. Anxiety is also caused by American difficulties in the Philippines, and the reported statement of General Lawton that 100,000 men would be required to conquer and hold the islands has induced certain scribes to predict the abandonment of American possessions in the Far East. Jingo England would be very, very sorry if Uncle Sam abandoned his imperial projects. Those acquainted with the American character are aware how little foundation there is for the rumor. That temporary checks are irritating when fighting in a vile climate with a race "half devil and half child" is fully intelligible; but after the object-lesson of our costly scuttle from the Transvaal and the Sudan, it is incredible that the United States will dream of relinquishing the burden of her responsibilities in the Far East, whatever may be the destiny provided for the Filipinos when law and order are established.

AMERICAN difficulties in the Philippines are of special interest to British-Indian statesmen, as the problem is identical with that with which they have had to deal—a problem, moreover, that is not yet solved. I have had the opportunity recently of learning, from the inside, facts about the actual condition of British India which do not get into the newspapers, but are none the less interesting on that account. The policy of educating the native is far from proving an unmixed success. The training of the mind without the training of the character, the development of the body, or providing a career, simply engenders nihilism. England is manufacturing Indian nihilists in the hungry graduates who take university degrees, acquire a distaste for handicrafts, and fail to obtain official employment. Liberty is a word with two hundred definitions. It has already caused as much bloodshed as the interpretation of religion, and the grant of an erroneous form of liberty to Hindus in the shape of half-education seems not unlikely to create a new illustration of this truth.

THE natives of India are less content and less trustful than they were twenty years ago, although the administration presided over by Lord Curzon is, with the exception of America in the Philippines, better, purer, and less selfish than that of any governing power in the world. Notwithstanding the universally high character of the Indian services, and the fact that our hold on India is physically stronger than it was, it is growing sentimentally weaker. An old and faithful Sikh officer in the body-guard of the Governor-General expressed this feeling a few weeks ago, when he said that the English had done much for India, but they had brought two curses—the money-lender and the barrister. Natives now perceive that the elaborate legal machinery of the civilized West benefits the rich and intelligent at the expense of the poor and untaught. What the latter require is cheap equity and rapid finality; what they get is costly and unintelligible law, which ruins them before finality is attained. The native judges are generally corrupt, and the underpaid native police are like underpaid colored native officials all the world over: they pay themselves by terrorizing the people under their charge. A short time back a native judge was indicted with forty charges of corruption against him. Witnesses appeared to sustain four of these charges, and the accused was condemned on them. On the night of the verdict two of the witnesses were murdered in different parts of the province. The great Mohammedan towns are seething with fanaticism. India is restive under machine rule, and owing to our government being a debt-collecting instrument for creditors, it is a terror to the vast agricultural population, while it exactly suits the mercantile and money-lending classes, who form an insignificant numerical minority. Something has recently been done to abate the powers of the money-lenders.

A FURTHER difficulty of England in India is the growth of the military power of the feudatory princes. In addition to the special contingents known as the Imperial Service troops, now numbering 16,618 men, the feudatory and dependent states have independent armies numbering 70,000 equipped and disciplined men. Are they fast friends or potential foes? Who can tell? The great princes like Cashmir, Patiala, Gwalior, Jodhpur, and others have added to their armies beyond all necessity, and a very grave question confronts Lord Curzon and his advisers as to how far the arming of the feudatory princes should be allowed. Russia, fully acquainted with all the weak points of English rule in India, is at the present time active and mischievous both in Afghanistan and in the native states. These malign activities ill consort with the Peace Conference at The Hague. Lord Curzon has the wolf by the ears, and no heavier burden rests on the shoulders of any human being. He is much liked, and Lady Curzon has also become extremely popular. Although Lord Curzon has made so many speeches that he is called "the talking Viceroy," he has said nothing that has done any harm. He is credited with great quickness, phenomenal industry, and the capacity for getting at the inside of a subject with accuracy and despatch. One of Lord Curzon's difficulties is that formerly India had rulers; now she has only rules. He is said to contemplate a reduction in the number of rules and a curtailment of the incontinent effusion of minutes, letters, and rescripts that flood the overworked and overcentralized government.

WITH the opening of the London season the theatre becomes once more interesting. Mr. Pinero's new play, "The Gay Lord Quex," has captured the town. Its fortune is made. It has come under the ban of a bishop. Miss Irene Vanburgh has admittedly passed into the front rank of English actresses. Her consummate rendering of a part that would be repulsive in the hands of almost any one else excites a furor of enthusiasm among the critics. Nevertheless, the play is an unpleasant one. It deals with the eternal sexual problem and the irregularities of life, without which play-goers at the end of the century seem unable to exist. "The Gay Lord Quex" is one of the plays that will cross the Atlantic; but although it is admittedly a *tour de force* of the playwright, its popularity gives food for gloomy thought.

THE scene at the Lyceum on the return of Sir Henry Irving to the stage, after a long illness, was without a parallel. I never saw anything like the reception given to the veteran actor when he appeared in the first scene of "Robespierre." The pitites had waited, as usual, ten, eleven, and twelve hours outside the theatre in order to be included among the number of the first-nighters. It was known that since Sir Henry Irving last appeared in London the Lyceum had passed out of his hands. The appreciation of this fact added depth to the cordiality of his greeting; and, furthermore, the *première* of "Robespierre" was a dramatic event. It is the first time in the history of the English stage that a French dramatist of the first rank has written a play expressly for English actors and an English theatre. It is true that M. Sardou took liberties with *Robespierre*, compromised his character, supplied him with a past, and invested him with imaginative qualities singularly unlike the eponymous hero of the play. Nevertheless, "Robespierre" is interesting from first to last, and the interest is maintained by an opulence of staging rare in the history even of the Lyceum. Every act tells, and the burning passions of the Revolution are represented with inimitable skill. The most daring, and perhaps the most trying, scene of the whole is that where *Robespierre*, left alone in the conciergerie, sees the ghosts of the murdered victims of the Terror, and succumbs to an access of fear and foreboding which nothing less than the genius of Irving could have communicated to the audience. Reminiscences of the ghosts in "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "The Bells" flit through the memory as this marvellously daring scene from the pen of the greatest living French dramatist is interpreted by the greatest living English actor.

"ROBESPIERRE" will cross the Atlantic, and will undoubtedly repair some of the ill fortune which has dogged Sir Henry Irving—much to the grief of his many friends—for some time past. The chief feminine part was of course taken by Miss Ellen Terry, but is a small one. It cannot be said that on the first night full justice was done to it. As is not unusual with the greatest actresses, Miss Terry was by no means letter perfect, and if here and there a scene dragged perceptibly owing to this cause, no other blemish could be detected by the most fastidious of critics. On the morning of the second night that the play was given the convention scene was rehearsed. At its conclusion the supers gave three hearty cheers to Sir Henry Irving, who was visibly moved by the loyalty and affection of his subordinates. It will be a long time before the English stage is graced by an actor who commands more general affection and respect than Henry Irving. He has become a national possession.

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THERE is a legend of a house that stands
Alone amid th' eternal calm and stress
Of tossing waters—narrow, windowless—
Set on a storm-swept isle by unknown hands;
And of a man who, 'mid those shifting sands,
Knows but his single room—a dull duress—
Yet longs to know, and vaguely seeks to guess
What lies beyond the scope his eye commands.

So life may seem a dim unwindowed room
Wherein we wait with eye upon the latch,
As if impelled to turn the fatal key:
We yearn yet fear to pierce the outer gloom,
And ever bend an eager ear to catch
The secret of th' illimitable sea.

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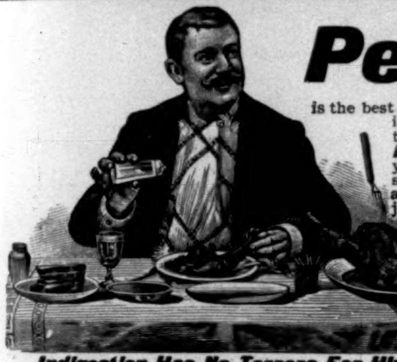
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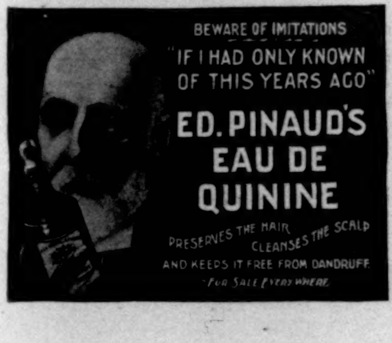
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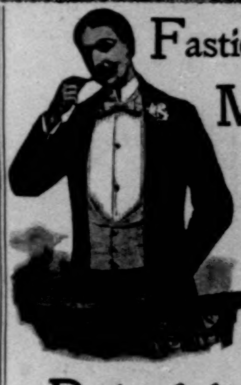
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